

**THE
COMPLETE
WORKS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE**

William Shakespeare



THE LIBRARY



823Sh1
IP83

AUG 7 1959

v. 3

EXPLANATORY

Text

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹*blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on;
1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos,
all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.
2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on;
2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.
l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

First printed in Quarto, 1598

The First Folio supplies acts and stage directions,
and shows variations from the Quarto text

L. L. L. A

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST' is slight and pleasing in texture—a drama of dialogue and kindly cynicism. It deals with the overturning of ill-considered oaths for love, and the futility of love when begun in awkward fashion.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre, and three of his lords forswear the society of women and agree to lead secluded lives devoted to study for three years—this despite the fact that the Princess of France is on her way to the court of Navarre, where the king should receive her. The court is nevertheless barred to women; and so stringent is the edict that a clown caught making love is sentenced to a week's imprisonment.

Act II introduces the French princess and her ladies, who are entertained in pavilions erected for them outside the royal gates. The king and his three gentlemen visit the ladies, whom they find so attractive as to cause them to regret their oath.

Act III is concerned with the progress of their several passions, also with the further adventures of Costard the clown, now released from imprisonment and employed as the bearer of love-missives.

L. L. L. C

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

Costard gets his messages confused, in Act IV, much to the amusement of the princess's company. The four gentlemen are by this time hopelessly enamoured of the princess and her three principal companions—so much so, that each in turn is surprised in an avowal. Their vows being jointly broken, none is left to jeer; and all unite in plans to woo their visitors.

Act V shows the change in tactics and the profusion of love-tokens now showered upon the ladies, to their great merriment. The gentlemen purpose visiting them in disguise. The ladies get wind of the plan and also mask themselves, greatly to the confusion of their wooers. The gentlemen acknowledge themselves beaten, and each sues openly for his lady's hand. But the four ladies, in quiet revenge, put their suitors upon a year's probation.

SOURCES

The plot has not been traced to any earlier story, and is now believed to be original with Shakespeare. Besides being a comedy of character, it also reveals a slight historical frame-work and a reference to at least six passing events.

(1) One of the chief references is that of the 'Acha-deme,' and the king's project to study for three years, which bears close resemblance to the educational plans of Elizabeth's reign.

(2) The choice of a King of Navarre for hero bears reference to the long-contested succession to the throne of France by Henry of Navarre, whose cause was then quite popular in England. Henry's generals appear in the play under slightly changed names. The Maréchal de Biron and the Duc de Longueville fought promi-

L. L. L. D

INTRODUCTION

nently on Navarre's side. The Duc de Mayenne, however, was of the opposite party, though now reduced to submission. Biron's name was well known in England. Chapman made him the hero of two plays.

(3) The meeting of the King of Navarre with the Princess of France suggests the meeting of the king with Catherine de' Medici in 1586, to agree upon disputed territories. Navarre and France once made a bargain, similar to that outlined by Shakespeare, concerning the cession of Aquitaine.

(4) The reference to the Russian masquerade in the last act is supposedly an allusion to an actual embassy on the part of the Russian czar, Ivan the Terrible, to the English queen, suing for her hand or that of her niece, Lady Mary Hastings.

(5) The ridicule of blundering constables and pompous schoolmasters may easily have referred to these weak sides of rural life in Shakespeare's day. Sir Philip Sidney had also introduced the figure of a conceited pedant in a play of his, presented in 1578, which, in his use of foreign phrases, has a little resemblance to Shakespeare's *Holofernes*.

(6) Affectations in speech and dress, as exemplified especially by Armado, the fantastic Spaniard, were characteristic of the day. Armado shows a likeness to Don Quixote, Cervantes's immortal creation of a later year. But it is noteworthy that Armado was drawn from the life. His death was commemorated by Thomas Churchyard in 1580, in a poem entitled 'The Phantasticall Monarckes Epitaphe.'

It should be noted, also, that 'the pageant of the Nine Worthies' was a frequent subject of exhibition in English country towns of Shakespeare's day.

L. L. L. E

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The action is comprised in two days. The princess apparently arrives on the same day the action begins, and a settlement of her mission is promised for 'to-morrow.' Act III seems to take place on the morning of the second day, and in Act IV the princess speaks of the day as being that when she shall receive her state papers. The hunt seems to take place that afternoon, and the masque immediately afterward.

The time of action, as has been seen, was coincident with the presentation of the play.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The title-page of the Quarto edition of 'Loves Labour's Lost' shows that the play was revised before the end of 1597. The indirect allusions to the French civil war of 1591, and the reference to the plague (V. ii. 466-70) which raged in London in 1592, place it somewhere between 1592 and 1597.

The external evidence is confined to two sources. In 1598 Meres, in his 'Palladis Tamia,' mentions it with 'Midsommer Nights Dreame' and other plays as then being known to the public. In the same year Robert Tofte, in a poem entitled 'Alba,' alludes to this as a play he 'once did see.' But these two bits of testimony do not go back of our Quarto date of 1597.

Internally the play bears evidence of being written in the first, or rhyming, period, and revised in maturer years. It is probably the earliest of the comedies, as is shown by its poetic rather than its dramatic qualities, its balancing of characters, and its sketchy characterization. Biron and Rosaline are rough drafts of Benedick and Beatrice, while Armado and Jaquenetta pre-

L. L. L. F

INTRODUCTION

figure Touchstone and Audrey. Finally, the lyric qualities, conceits, and word-quibbling, together with the slight plot and stock characters of older plays,—the pedant, the curate, the braggart, and the country yokels,—all reinforce this premise that it was written between 1594 and 1597.

EARLY EDITIONS

In 1598 the play was first printed in a Quarto bearing the following title:

‘A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loves labors lost. As it was presented before her Highnes this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespere. Imprinted at London by W. W; for Cutbert Burby, 1598.’

It next appeared, 1623, in the First Folio; later, in 1631, in a Second Quarto, and thereafter, in 1632, 1664, and 1685, in the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios.

The First Folio edition reprints the First Quarto, with divisions into acts, with stage directions, lacking in the Quarto, and with some variations, causing difference of opinion as to which gives the better text. Most notable of these changes in the Folio is the addition of Armado’s last line at the close of the play.

Neither Quarto nor Folio gives scene settings or list of *Dramatis Personæ*. These were supplied first by Rowe.

L. L. L. G

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND, *king of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } *lords attending on the King.*

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } *lords attending on the Princess of France.*

MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a constable.*

COSTARD, *a clown.*

MOTH, *page to Armado.*

A Forester.

The PRINCESS of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA, } *ladies attending on the Princess.*

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country wench.*

Lords, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Navarre.*]

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST



Actus primus.

[Scene i. *The King of Navarre's park.*]

*Enter Ferdinand King of Navarre, Berowne, Longavill,
and Dumaine.*

Ferdinand.

LET *Fame*, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant devouring Time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy: 9
That honour which shall bate¹ his sythes keene edge,
And make us heyres of all eternitie. ^{1 blunt}
Therefore brave Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplative in living Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longavill*, 19
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to live with me:

2. *Berowne*: Biron-2-4F.

My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
 That are recorded in this scedule heere.
 Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
 That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
 That violates the smallest branch heerein:
 If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
 Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longavill. I am resolv'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
 The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
 Fat paunches have leane pates: and dainty bits, 30
 Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My loving Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
 The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
 He throwes upon the grosse worlds baser slaves:
 To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
 With all these living in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation over,
 So much, deare Liege, I have already sworne,
 That is, to live and study heere three yeeres.
 But there are other strict observances: 40
 As not to see a woman in that terme,
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
 And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
 And but one meale on every day beside:
 The which I hope is not enrolled there.
 And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
 And not be seene to winke of all the day.
 When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
 And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
 Which I hope well is not enrolled there. 50
 O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
 Not to see Ladies, study, fast, not sleepe.

31. *bankerout*: bankrupt (bancrout) quite-IQ.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in jest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not
know. 61

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) from common
sense. |

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressly am forbid.
Or studie where to meet some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath, 70
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare upon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while 80
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight of his looke:
Light seeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darknesse lies,

54. and if: an if—THEOBALD.

62. bard: barr'd—ROWE.

67. fast: feast—THEOBALD.

77. and: but—IQ.

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.
 Studie me how to please the eye indeede,
 By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
 Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
 And give him light that it was blinded by.
 Studie is like the heavens glorious Sunne,
 That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
 Small have continuall plodders ever wonne, 91
 Save base authoritie from others Bookes.
 These earthly Godfathers of heavens lights,
 That give a name to every fixed Starre,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
 Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
 And every Godfather can give a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the
 weeding. 102

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse are a
 breeding.

Dum. How followes that?

Ber. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. *Berowne* is like an envious sneaping¹ Frost,
 That bites the first borne infants of the Spring. ¹*snipping*

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
 Before the Birds have any cause to sing? 112

Why should I joy in any abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,

Then wish a Snow in *Mayes* new fangled showes:

115. *showes*: mirth—GLOBE.

But like of each thing that in season growes.

So you to studie now it is too late,

That were to clymbe ore the house to unlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, fit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.

And though I have for barbarisme spoke more, 121

Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,

Yet confident Ile keepe what I have sworne,

And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.

Give me the paper, let me reade the same,

And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.

Ber. [*Reads*] *Item.* That no woman shall come
within a mile | of my Court.

Hath this bin proclaimed?

130

Lon. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie. [*Reads*]

On paine of loosing her tongue.

Who devis'd this penaltie?

Lon. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,

[*Biron*] A dangerous law against gentilitie.¹ ¹*urbanity*

[*Reads*] *Item.* If any man be seene to talke with a
woman with- | in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall
indure such | publique shame as the rest of the Court
shall possibly | devise. 142

Ber. This Article my Liedge your felfe must breake,

For well you know here comes in Embassie

The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:

A Maide of grace and compleate majestie,

118. *That were to:* out. *the gate:* the little gate-1Q.

119. *fit:* sit-1Q.

123. *sworne:* swore-1Q.2-4F.

141. *shall:* can-1Q.

143. *felfe:* self-1Q.

About surrender up of *Aquitaine*:
 To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
 Or vainly comes th'admired Princesse hither. 150

Fer. What say you Lords?

Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie evermore is overshot,
 While it doth study to have what it would,
 It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
 And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
 'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
 She must lye¹ here on meere necessitie. ^{1 lodge}

Ber. Necessity will make us all forsworne 160

Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
 For every man with his affects is borne,
 Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
 If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
 I am forsworne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name, [*Subscribes*]
 And he that breakes them in the least degree,
 Stands in attainer of eternall shame.

Suggestions² are to others as to me: ^{2 temptations}

But I beleeeve although I seeme so loth, 170

I am the last that will last keepe his oth.

But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted

With a refined travailer of *Spaine*,

A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:

One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,

Doth ravish like inchanting harmonic:

151-2. 1 l.-1Q.

164. *breake for*: *speak for*-1Q.

169. *others*: *other*-1Q.

177. *who*: *whom*-2-4F.

A man of complements¹ whom right and wrong
 Have chose as umpire of their mutinie. ¹ *accomplishments*
 This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,² ² *called* 181
 For interim to our studies shall relate,
 In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
 From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
 How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
 But I protest I love to heare him lie,
 And I will use him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
 A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
 And so to studie, three yeeres is but short. 191

Enter a Constable [Dull] with Costard with a Letter.

Const. [*Dull*] Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
 his graces Tharborough:³ But I would see his own person
 in flesh and blood. ³ *constable*

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you: 199
 Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. [*Cost.*] Sir the Contempts thereof are as touch-
 ing | mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
 high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant us pa-
 tience.

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

189. *fire, new:* fire-new-POPE.

194. *This fellow:* This, fellow-ROWE.

208. *bearing:* laughing-CAPELL.

Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both. 210

Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give us cause to
clime in the merrinesse.

Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning *Jaquenetta*.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Ber. In what manner?

Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three.
I was scene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with
her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the
Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme
following. Now sir for the manner; It is the manner
of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some
forme. 222

Ber. For the following sir.

Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God de-
fend the right.

Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the
flesh.

Ferdinand. [*Reads*] 230

*Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and soue domi-
nator of Navar, my soules earths God, and bodies fo-
string patrone:*

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

Ferd. [*Reads*] *So it is.*

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words, 240

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. [*Reads*] So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I | did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole- | some Physicke of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gen- | tleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time *When?* about the | sixt houre, *When* beasts most graze, birds best pecke, and men | sit downe to that nonrishment which is called supper: So much | for the time *When*. Now for the ground *Which?* which I | meane I walkt upon, it is ycliped,¹ *Thy Parke*. Then for the | place *Where?* where I meane I did encounter that obscene and | most preposterous event that draweth from my snow-white pen | the ebon coloured Inke, which beere thou viewest, beholdest, | surveyest, or seest. But to the place *Where?* It standeth | North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy | curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spiri- | ted Swaine, that base Minow of thymyrth, (*Clown. Mee?*) | that unletered small knowing soule, (*Clow Me?*) that shallow | vassall (*Clow. Still mee?*) which as I remember, bight¹ Co- | stard, (*Clow. O me*) sorted and consorted contrary to thy e- | stablished proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: *Which* | with, & with, but with this I passion to say where- with: | ¹ called 261

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eve, a female; | or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my | ever esteemed dutie prickes me on) have sent to thee, to receive | the meed of punishment by thy sweet Graces Officer Anthony | Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation. |

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull*.

247. nonrishment: nourishment—IQ.

256-9. separate ll. for *Clow.* and *Ferd.*—HANMER.

260. Continent: continent—IQ.

Ferd. For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keeper her | as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy | sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of | devoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.

Don Adriana de Armado. 274

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation? 280

Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yceres imprisoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin. 289

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not serve your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serve my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

270. *keeper ber:* keep her—1Q.2-4F.

274. *Adriana:* Adriano—1Q. 286-8. *Damosell:* damsell—1Q

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliver'd ore, 300
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will prove an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Jaquenetta*, and *Jaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and untill then sit downe sorrow.

Exit. 310

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Armado and Motb his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. [*Motb*] A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. [*Arm.*] Why? sadnesse is one and the selfsame thing | deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy my tender *Juvenall*? 9

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Juvenall*? Why tender *Juvenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Juvenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

309. untill: till. sit downe: sit thee down-1Q.

14. apathaton: epitheton-2-4F.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt. 19

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke. 29

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answers. Thou heat'st my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. [*Aside*] He speakes the meere contrary, crosses¹ love not him. | ^{1 coins}

Br. I have promis'd to study iii. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir. 40

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why sir is this such a peece of study?

28. *ingenuous*: ingenious—1Q.2-4F.

39. *fits*: fitteth—1Q.

46. *vulgar call*: vulgar do call—1Q.

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A most fine Figure. 51

Boy. To prove you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse I am in love: and as it is base for a Souldier to love; so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new devis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men have beene in love? 61

Boy. *Hercules* Master.

Brag. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Master, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in love.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampson*, strong joynted *Sampson*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was *Sampsons* love my deare *Moth*? 72

Boy. A Woman, Master.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions? 79

48. you'll: ye'll-1Q.

Boy. As I have read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Lovers: but to have a Love of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My Love is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd under such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist mee. 90

Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:

For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,

And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheekes possesse the same,

Which native she doth owe: 100

A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found; or if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune. 108

Brag. I will have that subject newly writ ore, that I may example my digression¹ by some mighty president.

¹ *transgression*

86. *immaculate*: *maculate*-1Q. 95. *blush-in*: *blushing*-2-4F.
103, 105. *ballet*: *ballad*-Rowx.

Boy, I doe love that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserves well.

Boy. [*Aside*] To bee whip'd: and yet a better love then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heavy in iove.

Boy. And that's great marvell, loving a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past. 119

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench [Jaquenetta].

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Costard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman.¹ Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my felfe with blushing: Maide.

Maid. [*Jaq.*] Man. ¹ *dairy-woman*

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate. 130

Mai. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I love thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. [*Dull*] Come *Jaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

116. iove: love-1Q.2-4F.

122. let him take: suffer him to take-1Q.

123. bee must: a' must-1Q.

133. wbat: that-1Q.2-4F.

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned. 140

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him up.

Boy. Come you transgressing slave, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent up sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison. 151

Clow. Well, if ever I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I have seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.* [*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*] 159

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsly attempted? Love is a familiar, Love is a Divell. There is no evill Angell but Love, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* But shaft¹ is too hard for Her-

¹ arrow

156. *be silent*: be too silent-1Q.

163. *ia*: *is*-1Q.

166. *yet Sampson was*: yet was *Samson*-1Q.

167. *Salomon*: *Solomon*-3-4F.

cules Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serve my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adué Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in love; yea hee loveth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Devise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies [Rosaline, Maria, Katharine], and three Lords [Boyet, etc.].

Boyet. Now Madam summon up your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Navarre*, the plea of no lesse weight 10
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starve the generall world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Queen. [*Prin.*] Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though
but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,

Not uttered by base sale of chappens¹ tongues:
 I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth, 20
 Then you much wiling to be counted wise,
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine. ¹*shopmen's*
 But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
 Doth noyse abroad *Navar* hath made a vow,
 Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
 No woman may approach his silent Court:
 Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe 30
 Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
 As our best moving faire soliciter:
 Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
 On serious businesse craving quicke dispatch,
 Importunes personall conference with his grace.
 Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
 Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
 Who are the Votaries my loving Lords, that are vow-
 fellows with this vertuous Duke? 41

Lor. *Longavill* is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

¹ *Lady.* [*Mar.*] I know him Madame at a marriage
 feast, |

Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautilous heire
 Of *Jaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
 In *Normandie* saw I this *Longavill*,
 A man of soveraigne parts he is esteem'd:
 Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:

24. *Prin.* out-1Q.2-4F.

40-1. 2 five-accent ll.-2Rowx.

42. *Longavill*: Lord Longaville-CAPELL.

Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. 50
 The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
 If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
 Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
 It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest?

2. *Lad.* [*Katb.*] The yong *Dumaine*, a well accom-
 plisht youth, | 60

Of all that Vertue love, for Vertue loved.
 Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
 I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
 And much too little of that good I saw,
 Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
 Was there with him, as I have heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man, 70
 Within the limit of becomming mirth,
 I never spent an houres talke withall.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For every object that the one doth catch,
 The other turnes to a mirth-moving jest.
 Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
 And yonger hearings are quite ravished.
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse. 80

64. *sbe*: he-1Q.2-4F.

65. *Alansoes*: Alençon's (Alanson's)-Rowe. 69. *as I*: if I-1Q.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in love?
That every one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Navar* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest¹ to meete you gentle Lady ¹*prepared*
Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, 90
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Enter Navar, Longavill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Navar*.

Nav. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Navar*.

Prin. Faire I give you backe againe, and welcome I
have not yet: the roofof this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be
mine. 101

Nav. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I have sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nav. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nav. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. 110

107. *it will: it; will*—CAPELL.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeeping:
 'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
 And sinne to breake it:
 But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
 To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
 Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
 And sodainly resolve me in my suite.

Nay. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
 For you'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay. 120

Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.

Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske. 130

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rosa. Faire fall the face it covers.

Ber. And send you many lovers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
 The paiement of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,
 Disbursed by my father in his warres.
 But say that he, or we, as neither have 140
 Receiv'd that summe; yet there remains unpaid
 A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
 One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to us,

129. a day: o' day—THEOBALD.

Although not valued to the moneys worth.
 If then the King your father will restore
 But that one halfe which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in *Aquitaine*,
 And hold faire friendship with his Majestie:
 But that it seemes he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaie, 150
 An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
 One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
 To have his title live in *Aquitaine*.
 Which we much rather had depart¹ withall, ¹ *parted from*
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Then *Aquitane*, so guelded as it is.
 Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
 From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
 A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
 And goe well satisfied to *France* againe. 160

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
 And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confesse receyt
 Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kin. I doe protest I never heard of it,
 And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,
 Or yeeld up *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
 For such a summe, from speciall Officers, 170
 Of *Charles* his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
 Where that and other specialties are bound,
 To morrow you shall have a sight of them.

150. *repaie*: repaid—1Q.2-4F.

151. *An*: A—1Q.

152. *One*: On—THEOBALD.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which interview,
 All liberall reason would I yeeld unto:
 Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As Honour, without breach of Honour may
 Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse. 180
 You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
 But heere without you shall be so receiv'd,
 As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
 Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house:
 Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,
 To morrow we shall visit you againe. ¹ *accompany*

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort¹ your grace.

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in every place. *Exit.*

Boy. [*Biron*] Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart. |

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations, 190
 I would be glad to see it.

Boy. [*Biron*] I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. [*Biron*] Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. [*Biron*] Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

Boy. [*Biron*] Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife.

Boy. [*Biron*] Now God save thy life. 200

La. Ro. And yours from long living.

Ber. I cannot stay thanks-giving. *Exit.*

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

177. *would I yeeld:* I will yield-1Q. 184. *farther:* fair-1Q.

186. *we shall:* shall we-1Q. 189. *my owne:* mine own-2Q.

193. *soule:* fool-1Q.

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe, 210

To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I have heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy. Not unlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

220

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a jest.

Boy. And every jest but a word. 229

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:

205. *Rosalin*: *Katharine*-SINGER.

210-1. 1 l.-1Q.

222. *Katherine*: *Rosaline*-SINGER.

208. *if*: *an* (and)-1Q.

214. *a your*: *on your*-1Q.

[*Boyet*] And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) unlesse we feed on
your lips. |

La. You Sheep and I pasture: shall that finish the jest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

La. Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though severall they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me. 240

Prin. Good wits wil be jangling, but gentles agree.

This civill warre of wits were much better used

On *Navar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my observation (which very seldome lies

By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)

Deceive me not now, *Navar* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Lovers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire, 250

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

His hart like an Agot¹ with your print impressed, ¹agate

Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.

His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,

Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,

All sences to that sence did make their repaire,

To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:

Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,

As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy.

Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
glast, |

Did point out to buy them along as you past. 261

250. *doe*: did-1Q.

260. *whence*: where-1Q.

261. *point out*: point you-1Q.

His faces owne margent¹ did coate² such amazes, ¹margin
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes. ²note
Ile give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
And you give him for my sake, but one loving Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bro. [*Boyet*] But to speak that in words, which his eie
hath disclos'd. |

I onelie have made a mouth of his eie,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Ro. Thou art an old Love-monger, and speakest
skilfully. 271

Lad. Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news
of him.

Lad. 2. [*Ros.*] Then was *Venus* like her mother, for
her fa- | ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. 1. [*Mar.*] No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2. [*Ros.*] I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.* 280

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hea-
ring.

Boy. Concolinel. [*Singing.*]

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take
this Key, give enlargement to the swaine, bring him fe-

262. coate: quote-2Q.

stinatly¹ hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Love.

¹ *quickly* 10

Boy. Will you win your love with a French braule?²

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French? ² *a dance*

Boy. No my compleat master, but to Jigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie² to it with the feete, humour it with turning up your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed love with singing, love sometime through: nose as if you snuff up love by smelling love with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a spit, or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of observation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot. 30

Bra. Cal'st thou my love Hobbi-horse.

Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and and your Love perhaps, a Hacknie:
But have you forgot your Love?

Brag. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

11. begins Master—IQ.

14. *the feete*: your feet—IQ.

15. *eie*: eyelids—IQ.

16. *if*: as if—THEOBALD.

17. *singing, love sometime*: singing love, sometime—THEOBALD.

17. *through*: nose: through the nose—2-4F.

25. *note men*: note me?—WARBURTON.

28. *penne*: penny—HANMER.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove? 40

Boy. A man, if I live (and this) by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her: and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Brag. I am all these three.

Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter. 50

Boy. A message well simpthis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse upon the Horse for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heavie, dull, and slow?

Boy. Minnime honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brad. I say Lead is slow. 61

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.

Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit.]

Bra. A most acute Juvenall, voluble and free of grace,

58. *Thy: The-1Q.*

68. *voluble: volable-1Q.*

By thy favour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour gives thee place. 70
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page [Moth] and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard*¹ broken in a shin. ^{1 head}

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenvoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenvoy*, no salve, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenvoy*, no *lenvoy*, no Salve sir, but a Plantan. 79

Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heaving of my lunges provokes me to ridiculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salve* for *lenvoy*, and the word *lenvoy* for a *salve*?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenvoy* a *salve*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine, |

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.

[I will example it:

The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenvoy*.

Pag. I will adde the *lenvoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Pag. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
And staid the oddes by adding foure.]

77. *bee*: the-2-4F.

88. *faine*: sain-1Q.

78. *male*: mail-CAMBRIDGE.

88-9. bracketed ll.-1Q.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenvoy*. 90

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Untill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenvoy*, ending in the Goose: would you
desire more? [flat

Clow. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenvoy*, I that's a fat Goose. 100

Ar. Come hither, come hither:

How did this argument begin?

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenvoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:

Thus came your argument in:

Then the Boyes fat *Lenvoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in
a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenvoy*.

I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len-
voy*, some Goose in this. 120

98. and: an-POPE.

101-2. 1 l.-1Q.

105-6. 1 l.-1Q.

112-3. 1 l.-1Q.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy libertie, set thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: [*Giving a letter.*] Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Jaquenetta*: | there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours | is rewarding my dependants.

Moth, follow. | 130

Pag. Like the sequell I. *Exit.*
Signeur Costard adew.

Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie¹ Jew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. ¹ *fine*
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile give you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 140

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knave *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

122. *emured*: immured-2-4F.

129. *honours*: honour-1Q.

137. *i.d.*: one (a) penny-Rowe.

137-8. *Why?* *It carries it remuneration*: Why, it carries it. Remuneration!-THEOBALD.

138-9. *then a French-Crowne*: than French crown-1Q

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slave, I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, 150

Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clo. When would you have it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clo. I shall know sir, when I have done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,

Harke slave, it is but this: 160

The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

[*Giving him a shilling.*]

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remun-

eration, a levenpence-farthing better: most sweete gar-

don. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit. 170

Ber. O, and I forsooth in love,

I that have beene loves whip?

A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,

Nay, a night-watch Constable.

A domineering pedant ore the Boy,

Then whom no mortall so magnificent. ¹veiled

This wimpled,¹ whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,

147. *threefarthings*: three-farthing-1Q.

147, 149, 153, 155, 171. O out-CAMBRIDGE.

171-2. 1 l.-1Q.

173-4. 2 five-accent ll.-POPE.

This signior *Junios* gyant drawfe, don *Cupid*,
 Regent of Love-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
 Th'annointed soveraigne of sighes and groanes: 180
 Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
 Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeeces.
 Sole Emperor and great generall
 Of trotting Parrators¹ (O my little heart.) ¹*court clerks*
 And I to be a Corporall of his field,
 And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
 What? I love, I sue, I seeke a wife,
 A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
 Still a repairing: ever out of frame,
 And never going a right, being a Watch: 190
 But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
 Nay, to be perjurde, which is worst of all:
 And among three, to love the worst of all,
 A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
 With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
 I, and by heaven, one that will doe the deede,
 Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
 And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
 To pray for her, go to: it is a plague
 That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect, 200
 Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
 Some men must love my Lady, and some Jone.

178. *signior Junios*: senior-junior—THEOBALD, HANMER.

178. *don*: Dan—1Q.

187. *What?* What I! (What? I!)—MALONE.

188. *Cloake*: clock—2-4F. 194. *whitly*: wightly—CAMBRIDGE.

202. *shue, grone*: sue and groan—2-4F.

Actus Quartus.[Scene i. *The same.*]*Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and
her Lords.**Qu.* Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against rhe steepe uprising of the hill?*Boy.* I know not, but I thinke it was not he.*Qu.* Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,
On Saturday we will returne to *France*.Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush 10
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?*For.* Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the fairest shoote.*Qu.* I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.*For.* Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.*Qu.* What, what? First praise me, & then again say no.
O short liv'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.*For.* Yes Madam faire.*Qu.* Nay, never paint me now, 20
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for teliing true:
Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.*For.* Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.*Qu.* See, see, my beautie will be sav'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giving hand, though foule, shall have faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:5 *re: the-1Q.*17. *Then again: and again-1Q.*

Thus will I save my credit in the shoote, 30

Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.

And out of question, so it is sometimes:

Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,

When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,

We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praise alone now seeke to spill

The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst¹ wives hold that selfe-soveraigntie

Onely for praise sake, when they strive to be 41

Lords ore their Lords? ¹*sbrewish*

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,

To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that have
no heads. 50

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo. I have a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

54. *And:* AN-POPE. 55. *a:* o'-THEOBALD. 58-9. 1 l.-1Q.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer. 61

Boyet, you can carve,
Breake up this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Faquetta*.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give care.

Boyet reades.

69

By heaven, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art lovely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: have comiseration on thy heroi-call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie upon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and overcame: hee came one; see, two; covercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to overcome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who overcame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captive is inricht: On whose side? the Beggars. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command

61-2. 1 l.-1 Q.

78. See: saw-2-4F.

79. see: saw-Rowe. covercame: overcame-2Q. 3-4F.

84. the King: the King's-2Q. 3-4F.

thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could.
 Shall I entreate thy love? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
 change for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe
 mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
 thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
 everie part. 94

Tbine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
 Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
 Submissive fall his princely feete before,
 And he from forrage will incline to play. 100
 But if thou strive (poore soule) what art thou then?
 Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
 Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
 ever heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
 A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
 To the Prince and his Booke-mates. 110

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou give it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,
 To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

96. *Adriana: Adriano*—2*Q.* *Armatbo: Armado*—2-4*F.*
 103-5. 2 rhymed ll.—1*Q.*

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
[To Ros.] Here sweete, put up this, 'twill be thine
 another day. |

Exeunt [Princess and train]. 121

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
 Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.
 Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare? 130

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
 neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee
 strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
 Have I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that
 was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as
 touching the hit it. 139

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old that
 was a woman when *Queene Guinover* of *Brittaine* was a
 little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
 And I cannot, another can.

Exit.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.]

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

122. shooter: suitor—STEEVENS. 132. Finely .. indeede: 11.-3-4F.
 135-6. 11.-1Q.

145. I: An (And) 1-1Q. THEOBALD. 146. And: An—THEOBALD.

Mar. A marke marveilous well shot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies my Lady. 151

Let the mark have a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeeде a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.¹ ^{1 centre}

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the upshoot by cleaving the is in. 159

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely,² your lips grow foule. ^{2 grossly}

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe. O my troth most sweete jests, most inconie vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit. 170

Armatbor ath to the side, O a most dainty man. To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan. To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will swears:

And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,

149. *hit*: hit it-4F.

153. *a'th*: o' the-2Q.

156. *And*: An-THEOBALD.

159. *is in*: pin-2-4F.

171. *Armatbor ath to the*: Armado o' th' one-2Rowe.

Ah heavens, it is most pathetical nit.¹
Sowla, sowla.

¹ mite
Exeunt.

Shoote within.

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reverent sport truely, and done in the testi- | mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater,² who now hangeth like a Jewell in the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heaven, and anon falleth like a Crab² on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth. ² apple

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are | sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure | ye, it was a Bucke of the first head. 11

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *baud credo*. ³ 2-year buck

Dul. 'Twas not a *baud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.³

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were his inclination after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *baud credo* for a Deare. 20

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *baud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

176. *is most*: is a most—2-4F.

5. *as a*: as the—1Q.

178. *Shoote*: Shout—4F.

23. new l. at O—Dyce.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke. 28

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are set before us, that we thankfull should be: which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
us more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or
a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that love not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not five
weekes old as yet? 42

Hol. *Dictisima* goodman *Dull*, *dictisima* goodman
Dull.

Dul. What is *dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Pbebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was
no more.

And wrought not to five-weekes when he came to five-
score. |

Th'allusion holds in the Exchange. 50

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds
in the Exchange.

30-3. *and..be*: 2 ll. ending *be, be*-HANMER.

31-2. *we taste: we of taste*-COLLIER.

43. *Dictisima*: *Dictynna*-ROWE.

45. *dictima*: *Dictynna* (*inna*)-2-4F.

49. *wrought*: *raught* (*rought*)-1Q.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princesse kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princesse kill'd a Pricket. 61

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol I will something affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

*The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore,¹ but not a sore, ¹ 4-year deer
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore, 70
then Sorell² jumps from thicket: ² 3-year deer
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a booting.
If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him | with a talent. 80

Nath. [*Hol.*] This is a gift that I have simple: simple, a foo- | lish extravagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob- | jects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These | are begot in the ventricle of memorie,

60. call'd the Deare: call I the deer—CAMBRIDGE.

66-77. 6 rhymed ll.—Rowe.

75. O: one—CAMBRIDGE.

nourisht in the | wombe of primater, and delivered upon
the mellowing | of occasion: but the gift is good in those
in whom it is | acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. [*Nath.*] Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so
may my | parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd
by you, | and their Daughters profit very greatly under
you: you | are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. [*Hol.*] *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingennous,
they | shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be
capable, | I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiis qui pauca*
loquitur, a | soule Feminine saluteth us. 95

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow *M. Person.*

Nath. [*Hol.*] Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if
one should | be perst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry *M. Schoolemaster*, hee that is likest to a
hogshead. 101

Nath. [*Hol.*] Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster
of con- | ceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a
Flint, Pearle | enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Jaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee
this Letter, it was given mee by *Costard*, and sent mee
from *Don Armatbo*: I beseech you reade it. 107

Nath. [*Hol.*] *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas om-*
nia sub um- | *bra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old

85. *primater*: *pia mater*—ROWE.

92. *ingennous*: *ingenious*—CAPELL.

94. *sapit*: *sapit*—2Q.2-4F.

98. *Person..Person*: *Parson..person*—2F. and: *an*—HALLIWELL.

99. *perst*: *pierced*—CAMBRIDGE.

102. *Of persing*: *Piercing*—CAMBRIDGE.

108. *Facile ... pecas omnia*: *Fauste ... pecus omne*—2-4F.

Mantuan, I | may speake of thee as the traveler doth
of *Venice*, *vem-* | *chie*, *vencha*, *que non te unde*, *que non*
te perreche. Old *Man-* | *tuam*, old *Mantuan*. Who
understandeth thee not, *ut re* | *sol la mi fa*: Under par-
don sir, What are the contents? or | rather as *Horrace*
sayes in his, What my soule verses. | 114

Hol. [*Nath.*] I sir, and very learned.

Nath. [*Hol.*] Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse,
Lege do- | *mine*.

[*Nath. reads*] If Love make me forsworne, how
shall I sweare to love? |

Ah never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull prove.
Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers
bowed. 122

Studie his byas leaves, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that Art would compre-
hend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee com-
mend. |

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Joves* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull
thunder. 131

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon love this wrong,
That sings heavens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the
accent. Let me supervise the cangenet.

110-1. *vemchie ... te perreche*: *Venetia*, *Venetia*, *Chi non ti vede*
non ti pretia—THEOBALD, CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.

112. *not, ut*: not, loves thee not. *Ut*—IQ.

136. *cangenet*: *canzonet*—THEOBALD.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ovidius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerkes of invention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Jaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords. 144

Nath. [*Hol.*] I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beautilous Lady Rosaline.* | I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for | the nomination of the partie written to the person writ- | ten unto. 151

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duetic, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me: 160
Sir God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. [*Nath.*] Sir you have done this in the feare of God very | religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare coloura-

137. *Nath.* out—THEOBALD.

141. *invention imitarie*: invention? Imitari—THEOBALD.

150. *written*: writing—ROWE.

153. *Per.* out. *Sir Holofernes*: Sir Nathaniel—CAPELL.

157. *band*: royal hand—IQ. 160-1. 1 l.—IQ.

ble colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marveilous well for the pen. 168

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priviledge I have with the parents of the foresaid Chiide or Pupill, undertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will prove those Verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Invention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
[*To Dull*] Sir I do invite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca | verba.* 181

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am coursing my selfe.

They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proved wit. By the Lord this Love is as mad as *Ajax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proved againe a my side. I will not love; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by

170. *being repast*: before repast-1Q.

173. *bien vonuto*: ben venuto-2Rowe.

9. a: o'-Capell.

this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heaven I doe love, and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholic; and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholic. Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to grone.

20

He stands aside. The King entreth [with a paper].

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. [*Aside*] Shot by heaven: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast | thumpt him with thy Birdbolt¹ under the left pap: in faith | secrets.

¹ blunt arrow

King. [*Reads*] So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne gives not, |

To those fresh morning drops upon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse have smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the silver Moone one halfe so bright, 30
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine give light:
Thou shin'st in every teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grieve will show:
But doe not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, 40
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaville [with a paper]. The King steps aside.

What *Longaville*, and reading : listen care.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

Long. [*King*] In love I hope, sweet fellowship in shame. |

Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name. 50

Lon. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so ?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know, |

Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loves Tiburne, that hangs up simplicitie.

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to move.

O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Love,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards¹ on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop. ^{1 ornaments}

Lon. This same shall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heavenly Rhetoricke of thine eye, 61
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false perjurie ?
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Thou being a Goddess, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heavenly Love.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is : 71

53. triumphery : triumvir-2Rowe.

59. Shop : slop-THROBALD.

*If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?*

Ber. This is the liver veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Coddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend us, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine [with a paper].

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
[*Steps aside.*]

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play, 80
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heavens I have my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most divine *Kate*.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Raven was well noted. 90

Dum. As upright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

76. *Coddesse*: goddess—IQ.

87. *of a*: in a—IQ.

89. *coted*: quoted—CAPELL.

91-3. 2 rhymed ll.—THEOBALD.

97. *And mine*: And I mine—JOHNSON.

Dum. I would forget her, but a Fever she
Raigens in my bloud, and will remembred be. 100

Ber. A Fever in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Love can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Love, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velvet, leaves the winde, 110
All unseene, can passage finde.
That the Lover sicke to death,
Wish himselfe the heavens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph so.
But alacke my band is sworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth unmeete,
Youth so apt to plucke a sweet. 120
Doe not call it sinne in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Jove would sweare,
Juno but an Æthiop were,
And denie himselfe for Jove.
Turning mortall for thy Love.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loves fasting paine.

107. every: ever-1Q.

117. throne: thorn-2Rowe.

O would the *King*, *Berowne* and *Longavill*,
 Were Lovers too, ill to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note : 130
 For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. [*Advancing*] *Dumaine*, thy Love is farre from
 charitie, |

That in Loves grieve desir'st societie:
 You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
 To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin. [*Advancing*] Come sir, you blush : as his,
 your case is such, |

You chide at him, offending twice as much.
 You doe not love *Maria*? *Longavile*,
 Did never Sonnet for her sake compile ;
 Nor never lay his wreathed armes athwart 140

His loving bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
 I have beene closely shrowded in this bush,
 And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty Rimes, observ'd your fashion :
 Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
 Aye me, sayes one ! O *Jove*, the other cries !
 On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
 You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,

[*To Long.*]

And *Jove* for your Love would infringe an oath.

[*To Dum.*]

What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare 150
 Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
 How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
 How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

147. *On ber*: One, her-1Q.

151. *Faith*: Faith so-GLOBE.

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
[*Advancing.*]

Ah good my Lidge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares. 160
There is no certaine Princesse that appears.
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry have I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:^{1 tears}
O me, with what strict patience have I sat, 170
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Jygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy grieffe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longavill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy jest. 180
Are wee betrayed thus to thy over-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.

160. *couches*: coaches-2Rowe.

166. *Moth* .. *Moth*: mote-Rowe. 173. *tuning*: to tune-1Q.

179. *Candle*: caudle-1Q.

182. *by me* .. *to you*: to me .. by you-CAPELL.

I am betrayed by keeping company
 With men, like men of inconstancie.
 When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
 Or grone for *Joane*? or spend a minutes time,
 In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
 hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
 a waste, a legge, a limme. 191

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
 A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber. I post from Love, good Lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Clowne.

Jaqu. God blesse the King.
Kin. What Present hast thou there?
Clo. Some certaine treason.
Kin. What makes treason heere?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir. 200
Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
 The treason and you goe in peace away together.
Jaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
 Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.
Kin. *Berowne*, read it over. *He reads the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Jaqu. Of *Costard*.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.
 [*Biron tears the letter.*]
Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needs not
 feare it. 212
Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's
 heare it.

188. *Joane*: love-1Q.

189-92. 4 rhymed ll.-2Rowx.

iii. 5

55

Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.
[*Gathering up the pieces.*]

Ber. [*To Costard*] Ah you whoreson loggerhead,
you were borne | to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
up the messe.¹ ^{1 a set of four} 221

He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Love, and we deserve to die.
O dismissee this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, away.

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.
[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Lovers, O let us imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and blood can be, 231
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heaven will shew his face:
Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of
thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly
Rosaline, |

That (like a rude and savage man of *Inde*.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East, 240
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

224-9. 4 rhymed ll.—THEOBALD.

232. *heaven will shew*: *heaven show*—IQ.

234. *are*: *were*—IQ. 3-4F.

What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majestic?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Love (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Love, day would turne to night, 250
Of all complexions the cul'd soveraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where severall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fivescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye: 260
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy Love is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word divine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can give an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke. 270

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heavens well.

Ber. Divels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.

265. word: wood-Rowe.

272. Schoole: suit-GLOBE.

O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
 It mournes, that painting usurping haire
 Should ravish doters with a false aspect:
 And therfore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
 Her favour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
 For native bloud is counted painting now: 280
 And therefore red that would avoyd dispraise,
 Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their sweet complexion crake.¹

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare never come in raine,
 For feare their colours should be washt away. ¹boast

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
 Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day. 290

Ber. Ile prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Divell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma. I never knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy love, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
 Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what upward lyes?
 The street should see as she walk'd over head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in love? 299

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

Kin. Then leave this chat, & good *Berown* now prove
 Our loving lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this evill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
 Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the divell.

276. *painting*: painting and-Rowe.

300, 307. *O out*-CAMBRIDGE.

Dum. Some salve for perjurie.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Have at you then affections men at armes,
 Consider what you first did sweare unto:
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman: 310
 Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
 Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies.
 And where that you have vow'd to studie (Lords)
 In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
 Have found the ground of studies excellence,
 Without the beauty of a womans face;
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive, 320
 They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
 Why, universall plodding poysons up
 The nimble spirits in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the travailer.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You have in that forsworne the use of eyes:
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any Author in the world, 330
 Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
 Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our selves we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our selves.
 Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we have made a Vow to studie, Lords,

311. *against*: 'gainst-1Q.

335. *With our selves* out-2-4F.

And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation have found out 340
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors have inrich'd you with:
 Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toyle.
 But Love first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Lives not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power,
 And gives to every power a double power, 350
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
 A Lovers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
 A Lovers care will heare the lowest sound.
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 Loves feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
 Loves tongue proves dainty, *Bacbus* grosse in taste,
 For Valour, is not Love a *Hercules*?
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*. 360
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
 And when Love speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 Make heaven drowsie with the harmonie.
 Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Untill his Inke were tempred with Loves sighes:
 O then his lines would ravish savage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire, 370
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,

That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.
 Then fooles you were these women to forswear:
 Or keeping what is sworne, you will prove fooles,
 For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men love:
 Or for Loves sake, a word that loves all men.
 Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
 Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.
 Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selves, 380
 Or else we loose our selves, to keepe our oathes:
 It is religion to be thus forsworne.
 For Charity it selfe fulfillls the Law:
 And who can sever love from Charity.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Advance your standards, & upon them Lords.
 Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first advis'd,
 In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
 Shall we resolve to woe these girles of France? 390

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let us devise,
 Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let us conduct them thither,
 Then homeward every man attach the hand
 Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
 We will with some strange pastime solace them:
 Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
 For Revels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
 Fore-runne faire Love, strewing her way with flowres.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted, 400
 That will be time, and may by us be fitted. ^{1 weeds}

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell,¹ reap'd no Corne,

378. *author:* authors—CAPELL.

402. *Alone, alone:* Allons! allons!—THEOBALD.

And Justice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
 Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworne,
 If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

[Act V. Scene i. *The same.*]

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner have beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurrillity, witty without affection,¹ audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatbo.* ¹*affectation* 10

Ped. Novi hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate majesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke. 18

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phanaticall phantasims, such insociable and poynt devise companions, such rackers of ortagrphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreviated

3. *quid*: quod-Rowe.

11. *hominum*: hominem-3-4F.

ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serve.

31

Enter Bragart, Boy [and Costard].

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. [To Motb] Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.

Boy. [Aside to Costard] They have beene at a great feast of Languages, | and stolne the scraps. 40

Clow. O they have liv'd long on the almes-basket of words. I marvell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. [To Hol.] Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, puericia with a horne added. 50

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis quis, thou Consonant?

26-7. *call abhominable*: call abhominable-1Q.

27. *infamie*: *insanie*-THEOBALD. *ne*: *anne*-GLOBE.

30. *Bome boon for boon prescian*: *Bon, bon, fort bon!* Priscian -CAPELL, CAMBRIDGE.

36. *Quari*: *Quare*-HANMER.

Pag. The last of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt wave of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke venewe¹ of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it rejoyceth my intellect, true wit. ¹*sally* 60

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *unum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne. 69

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard; What a joyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to, thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dungbel* for *unguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man preambulat*, we will bee singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-house² on the top of the Mountaine? ²*school-house* 80

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doc *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and af-

54. *The last*: The third—THEOBALD. 65. *disputes*: disputest—2-4F.

68. *unum cita*: circum circa—THEOBALD.

78. *singled*: singuled—1Q.

fection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Pavilion, in the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noon.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noon: the word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you sir, I doe assure. 91

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene us, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & most serious designs, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometime to leane upon my poore shoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of travell, that hath seene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart, I do implore secrecie, that the King would have mee present the Princesse (sweet chucke) with some delightfull ostentation, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I have acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistance. 112

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee

96. *importunate*: important—1Q.

114. *Holofernes* out—Rowe.

rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them? 121

Peda. *Josua*, your selfe: my selfe, and this gallant gentleman *Judas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great limme or joynt) shall passe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I have audience? he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall bee strangling a Snake; and I will have an Apologie for that purpose. 131

Pag. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend. 140

Brag. We will have, if this fadge¹ not, an Antique. I beseech you follow. ¹suit

Ped. *Via* good-man *Dull*, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

116. *the Kings: at the king's-2-4F.*

146. *Alone: Allons!-Rowe.*

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.¹

¹ *country dance*

Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same.*]

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I
have from the loving King.

Rosa. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much love in Rime,
As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name. 10

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd unhappy gallowes too.

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and
so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a mer-
rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light
word? 20

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

147-8. 2 rhymed ll.—DYCE.

4. new l. at Look-POPE.

9. *Writ on:* Writ o' (a')—1Q.

16-8. *of such .. long:* 3 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

17. *might a:* might ha'—1Q.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played. 30
But *Rosaline*, you have a Favour too?

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.

And if my face were but as faire as yours,

My Favour were as great, be witnesse this.

Nay, I have Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,

The numbers true, and were the numbring too,

I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

40

Qu. Any thing like?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros. Ware pensals. How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. [*Katb.*] A Pox of that jest, and I beshrew all
Shrowes: |

[*Prin.*] But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*? 50

Kat. Madame, this Glove.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

29. care ... cure: cure ... care-1Q. 34. And if: An if-CAPELL.

45. pensals: pencils-ROWE. How: ho-HANMER.

47. were full: were not so full-1Q. 49-50. 1 l.-MALONE.

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreover,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Lover.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longavile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short. 60

Mar. I, or I would these hands might never part.

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And shape his service wholly to my device,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests. 70
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fatc.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As gravities revolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote: 80
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

59. *thou wish: thou not wish*-2-4F.

69. *device: hests*-DYCK.

72. *fate: fate*-1Q.

78. *wantons be: wantonness*-2-4F.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.

Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Love doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd. 90

Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to *S. Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath against us? Say scout say.

Boy. Under the coole shade of a Siccamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address,
The King and his companions: warely
I stole into a neighbour thicket by, 100

And over-heard, what you shall over-heare:
That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knavish Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majesticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously. 110
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not evill:
I should have fear'd her, had she beene a devill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,

84. *mirth in*: mirth is in-1Q.

Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
 One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was never spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell: 120
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zelous laughter so profound,
 That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
 To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Quee. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscovites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
 And every one his Love-feat will advance,
 Unto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know 130
 By favours severall, which they did bestow.

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
 For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
 And not a man of them shall have the grace
 Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
 Hold *Rosaline*, this Favour thou shalt weare,
 And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
 Hold, take thou this my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
 And change your Favours too, so shall your Loves 140
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:

128. *parlee*: *parle*—CAPELL.

140. *your Favours*: *you favours*—1Q.

They doe it but in mocking merriment,
 And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
 Their severall counsels they unbosome shall,
 To Loves mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
 Upon the next occasion that we meete,
 With Visages displayd to talke and greete. 150

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us too't?

Quee. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
 Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
 But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
 The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
 Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne. 160
 So shall we stay mocking entended game,
 And they well mockt, depart away with shame. *Sound.*

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
 come. [*The ladies mask.*]

*Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy [Moth] with
 a speech, | and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Page. All baile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber. [*Boyet*] Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that ever
 turn'd | their backes to mortall viewes. 170

The Ladies turne their backes to him.

Ber. [*Aside to Moth*] Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Pag. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out

Boy. True, out indeed.

155. keepers: speaker's-1Q.

158. ere: ne'er-2-4F.

Pag. Out of your favours heavenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to behold.

Ber. [*Aside to Motb*] Once to behold, rogue.

Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes. 180

Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.
[*Exit Motb.*]

Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet*.

If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes? 190

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they have, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you have it, and you may be gon.

Kin. Say to her we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.

Boy. They say that they have measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they have measur'd manie, 201
The measure then of one is easlie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you have measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile?

185-6. 1 l.—*POPE*.

190. *Princes: princess—4F.*

197. *you on the: her on this—1Q.*

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you have ore-gone,
Are numbred in the travell of one mile? 210

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like savages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooved) upon our waterie eyne.¹ ¹eyes

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter, 220
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
[*Music plays.*]

Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus e-
stranged?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man. 230

Rosa. [*King*] The musick playes, vouchsafe some
motion to it: [*Rosa.*] Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

222. *vouchsafe but:* do but vouchsafe—1Q.

232. new l. at Our—THEOBALD.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onelie to part friends.

Curtise sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price. 240

Kin. Prise your selves: What buyes your companie?

Rosa. Your absence onelie.

Kin. That can never be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that. 248

[*They converse apart.*]

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Qu. Seventh sweet adue, since you can cogg,¹
Ile play no more with you. ^{1 cheat}

Ber. One word in secret.

Qu. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou greev'st my gall.

Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete. [*They converse apart.*] 260

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Faire Ladie.

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.

236. *you: we*-1Q. 241. *your selues: you yourselves*-1Q.

253-5. 2 rhymed ll.-2Rowz. 265. *you out*-1Q.

Du. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Mar. [*Katb.*] What, was your vizard made without
a tong? |

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

Mar. [*Katb.*] O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechlesse vizard halfe. 272

Mar. [*Katb.*] Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not
Veale a | Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. [*Katb.*] No, a faire Lord Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word.

Mar. [*Katb.*] No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes. 281

Will you give hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. [*Katb.*] Then die a Calfe before your horns
do grow. |

Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.

Mar. [*Katb.*] Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares
you cry. | [*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, invisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Above the sense of sence so sensible:

Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings, 290
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,
breake off.

280. *but:* butt-1Q.

Ber. By heaven, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscovits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes puffed out.

300

Rosa. Wel-liking wits they have, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Qu. O povertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselves to night?
Or ever but in vizards shew their faces:

This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. *Dumaine* was at my service, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straight was mute.

310

Ka. Lord *Longavill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?

Qu. Qualme perhaps.

Kat. Yes in good faith.

Qu. Go sicknesse as thou art.

Ros. Well, better wits have worne plain statute caps,
But wil you heare; the King is my love sworne.

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longavill* was for my service borne.

Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.

320

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses give care,
Immediately they will againe be heere

In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?

306. *Tbey:* O, they-2-4F.

Boy. They will they will, God knows,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Favours, and when they repara,
Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee understood.
331

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Avant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let us complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscovites in shapelesse geare: 340
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest [in their proper habits].

King. Faire sir, God save you. Wher's the Princesse?

Boy. Gone to her Tent. 350

Please it your Majestie command me any service to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*

Ber. This fellow pickes up wit as Pigeons pease,
And utters it againe, when *Jove* doth please.

350-1. *Gone* .. *Majestie*: 1 l.—CAPPELL.

351. *to her*: to her thither—IQ.

354. *pickes*: pecks—IQ.

355. *Jove*: God—IQ.

He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
 At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
 And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
 This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve. 360
 Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eve*.
 He can carve too, and lispe: Why this is he,
 That kist away his hand in courtesie.
 This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
 That when he plaies at Tables,¹ chides the Dice
 In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing ¹*backgammon*
 A meane ²most meanly, and in Ushering ²*tenor part*
 Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
 The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
 This is the flower that smiles on everie one, 370
 To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
 And consciences that wil not die in debt,
 Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
 That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies [ushered by Boyet].

Ber. See where it comes. Behaviour what wer't thou,
 Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceive. 380

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Qu. Then wish me better, I wil give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

362. *He can: A' can*-1Q.

363. *away his band: his hand away*-1Q

373. *dutie: due*-1Q.

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should have spoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth. 390

Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the unsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you have liv'd in desolation heere,
Unseene, unvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We have had pastimes heere, and pleasant game, 400
A messe of Russians left us but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)

In curtesie gives undeserving praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord) 410
They did not blesse us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine have drinke.

Ber. This jest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greeete

390. *men:* men's-1Q.

392. *unsallied:* unsullied-2-4F.

409. *Russia:* Russian-1Q.2-4F.

414. *Gentle:* Fair gentle-2-4F.

415. *wits:* wit-2-4F.

With eies best seeing, heavens fierie eie:
 By light we loose light; your capacitie
 Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
 Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of povertie. 421

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,
 It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot give you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?

Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
 That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face. 431

Kin. We are discried,

They'l mocke us now downeright.

Du. Let us confesse, and turne it to a jest.

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes
 sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why
 looke | you pale?

Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscovie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for perjury.
 Can any face of brasse hold longer out? 441

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
 Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
 Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
 Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
 And I will wish thee never more to dance,

427. *what it:* was it-1Q.

432-3. 1 l.-1Q.

428-9. 1 l.-1Q.

437. *sound:* swoon (swound)-2-4F.

Nor never more in Russian habit waite.
 O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd,
 Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
 Nor never come in vizard to my friend, 450
 Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
 Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
 Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
 Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
 Have blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
 I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
 By this white Glove (how white the hand God knows)
 Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
 In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
 And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law, 460
 My love to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw.

Rosa. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke

Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
 Ile leave it by degrees: soft, let us see,
 Write *Lord have mercie on us*, on those three,
 They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
 They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
 These Lords are visited, you are not free:
 For the Lords tokens on you do I see. 470

Qu. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
 That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your selves, my wit is at an end.

453. *affection*: *affectation*—Rowe.

460. *law*: *lat*—Capell.

King. Teach us sweete Madame, for our rude transgression, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession. 480

Were you not heere but even now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well advis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine Honor no. 490

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:

your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Above this World: adding thereto moreover,
That he would Wed me, or else die my Lover.

Qu. God give thee joy of him: the Noble Lord 500
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?

By my life, my troth,
I never swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gave me this: But take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did give,
I knew her by this Jewell on her sleeve.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Jewell did she weare,

478-80. 2 rhymed ll.—1Q.

481. *you not: not you*—1Q.

502-4. 2 rhymed ll.—1Q.

And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare. 510
 What? Will you have me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.

I see the trick on't: Heere was a consent,¹ ¹ *conspiracy*
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas Comedie. ² *clown*

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,²
 Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
 That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
 To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
 Told our intents before: which once disclos'd, 520
 The Ladies did change Favours; and then we
 Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
 Now to our perjurie, to adde more terror,
 We are againe forsworne in will and error.

Much upon this tis: and might not you [*To Boyet*]
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?³ ³ *rule*
 And laugh upon the apple of her eie?
 And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrilie? 530

You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
 Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.
 You leere upon me, do you? There's an eie
 Wounds like a Leaden sword.

Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this car-
 reere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Cl. O Lord sir, they would kno, 540

525. *tis*: it is-2-4F.

533-7. 4 rhymed ll.-2Rowe.

535. *manager*: manage-THEOBALD.

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,

For everie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, under correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg us sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Under correction sir, wee know where-untill it
doth amount. 551

Ber. By Jove, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clo. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your
living by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir
will shew where-untill it doth amount: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies? 560

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some
care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame us:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-prooffe my Lord: and 'tis some
policie, to have one shew worse then the Kings and his
company. 571

546-8. 2 rhymed ll. ending we know—*CAFELL*.

561. *Pompey*: *Pompion*—2*Rowe*.

567-8. 1 l.—1*Q*.

569-71. 2 ll. ending policy, company—1*Q*.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale strives to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

580

Brag. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy
royall sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words. [*Con-
verses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.*]

Qu. Doth this man serve God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak's not like a man of God's making.

Brag. That's all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastick:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they
say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde
most royall cupplement. [*Exit.*] 590

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Judas Machabeus*: And if these foure Wor-
thies in their first shew thrive, these foure will change
habites, and present the other five.

Ber. There is five in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceived, tis not so.

Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy, 600

589. *delaguar*: de la guerra—THEOBALD.

594-6. *And if, etc.*: 2 rhymed ll.—2 ROWE.

Abate¹ throw at Novum,² and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out five such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ship is under saile, and here she coms amain.

¹*except* ²*a rare throw*

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Ber. [*Boyet*] You lie, you are not he.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards³ head on knee. ³*Leopard's*

Ber. Well said old mocker,

I must needs be friends with thee. 610

Clo. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.*

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*

That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,

did make my foe to sweat:

And travailing along this coast, I heere am come by chance,

*And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of
France.*

If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey.* 620

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect.
I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penic, *Pompey* prooves the
best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the worldes*

Com- | mander:

*By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering
might |*

602. *pricke .. in's: pick .. in his-IQ.*

628. *conquering: conquering-IQ.*

My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boiet. Your nose saies no, you are not: 630
For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smels no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismayd:
Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. *When in the world I lived, I was the worldes Com- | mander.*

Boiet. Most true, 'tis right: you were so *Alisander*.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your servant and *Costard*. 640

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*

Clo. O sir, you have overthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.* 652

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Judas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:

630-1. 1 l.-1Q.

649. insooth: faith-1Q.

634-5. 1 l.-1Q.

656. *Canus: canis-Rowe.*

Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie. 660
 Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish. *Exit Boy*
Ped. Judas I am.
Dum. A Judas?
Ped. Not *Iscariot* sir.
Judas I am, ycliped *Machabeus*.
Dum. *Judas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine Judas.
Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prov'd *Judas*?
Ped. *Judas* I am.
Dum. The more shame for you *Judas*.
Ped. What meane you sir? 670
Boi. To make *Judas* hang himselfe.
Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.
Ber. Well follow'd, *Judas* was hang'd on an Elder.
Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.
Ber. Because thou hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boi. A Citterne head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Ber. A deaths face in a ring.
Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.
Boi. The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion. 681
Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
 And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance
Ped. You have put me out of countenance.
Ber. False, we have given thee faces.
Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so. 690
Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
 And so adieu sweet *Jude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Jude*: give it him. *Jud-as-a-way*.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Judas*, it growes darke, he may stumble. [Hol. retires.]

Que. Alas poore *Macbabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

700

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in respect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.¹

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*. ¹ *shapely*

Dum. More Calfe certaine. 710

Boi. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloves.

Dum. No cloven.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the beire of Illion;* 721

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea From morne till night, out of his Pavillion.

709. *Hector*: *Hector's*—1Q.

720. *The Armipotent*: Peace! The, etc.—CAPELL.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longavill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather give it the reine: for it runnes against *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound. 730

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:

[When he breathed he was a man:]

But I will forward with my device; [*To the Princess*]
Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake brave *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. [*Aside to Dum.*] Loves her by the foot.

Dum. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Brag. *This Hector farre surmounted Hanniball.*

The partie is gone. 741

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith unlesse you play the honest Trojan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die. 749

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Jaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare *Pompey*.

732-3. bracketed l.-1Q.

741. In text, next l.-THEOBALD.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:
Pompey the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moved, more Atees more Atees stirre
them, or stirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him. 760

Ber. I, if a' have no more mans blood in's belly, then
will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
row my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*. 769

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not see *Pompey* is uncasing for the combat: what
meane you? you will lose your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will
not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the
challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason have you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt,
I go woolward for penance. 780

Boy. True, and it was injoynd him in *Rome* for want
of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but
a dishclout of *Jaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his
heart for a favour.

759. *them*, or: them on—Rowx.

765. *pray*: bepray—1Q.

783. *hee weares*: a' wears—1Q.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God save you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest our merriment.

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heavie in my tongue. The King your father 790

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I have seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Majestie?

Qu. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay. 800

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeavours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberali opposition of our spirits,
If over-boldly we have borne our selves,
In the converse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heavie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thankses, 810
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides

787-90. *but that, etc.*: 3 five-accent ll.—*Rowe, Capell.*

809. *bumble*: nimble—*Theobald.* 810. *so short*: too short—*Q.*

That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
 And though the mourning brow of progenie
 Forbid the smiling curtesie of Love:
 The holy suite which faine it would convince,
 Yet since loves argument was first on foote,
 Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it 820
 From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,
 Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
 As to rejoyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I understand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe
 And by these badges understand the King,
 For your faire sakes have we neglected time,
 Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
 Hath much deformed us, fashioning our humors
 Even to the opposed end of our intents. 830
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous:
 As Love is full of unbefitting straines,
 All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
 Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
 Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
 Varying in subjects as the eie doth roule,
 To everie varied object in his glance:
 Which partie-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if in your heavenly eies,
 Have misbecom'd our oathes and gravities. 840
 Those heavenlie eies that looke into these faults,
 Suggested¹ us to make: therefore Ladies ¹tempted
 Our love being yours, the error that Love makes
 Is likewise yonrs. We to our selves prove false,
 By being once false, for ever to be true

825. *ears*: ear-1Q.

835. *straying*: strange-CAPEL.

844. *yonrs*: yours-1Q.

To those that make us both, faire Ladies you.
And even that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We have receiv'd your Letters, full of Love.
Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Love. 850

And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant jest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more devout then these are our respects
Have we not bene, and therefore met your loves
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then jest.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre, 860
Grant us your loves.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is perjur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Love (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world: 870
There stay, untill the twelve Celestiall Signes
Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds¹
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Love, ¹ *clothing*

854. *then these are: than this in*—HANMER.

859. *coat: quote*—CAPELL.

872. *their. the*—IQ.

But that it beare this triall, and last love:
 Then at the expiration of the yeare,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 And by this Virgin palme, now kissing thine, 880
 I will be thine: and till that instant shut
 My wofull selfe up in a mourning house,
 Raining the teares of lamentation,
 For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
 If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
 Neither intituled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sodaine hand of death close up mine eie.
 Hence ever then, my heart is in thy brest. 890

Ber. And what to me my Love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
 You are attaint with faults and perjurie:
 Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

Du. But what to me my love? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
 With three-fold love, I wish you all these three.

Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife? 900

Kat. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
 Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
 Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
 Then if I have much love, Ile give you some.

Dum. Ile serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Katb. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Len. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the twelvemonths end,

898. *A wife:* given to Dumaïn-Dyck.

He change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. He stay with patience: but the time is long.

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong. 911

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:

What humble suite attends thy answer there,

Impose some service on me for my love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,

Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue

Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,

Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:

Which you on all estates will execute, 920

That lie within the mercie of your wit.

To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,

And therewithall to win me, if you please,

Without the which I am not to be won:

You shall this twelvemonth terme from day to day,

Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still converse

With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,

To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throate of death?

It cannot be, it is impossible. 931

Mirth cannot move a soule in agonie.

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,

Which shallow laughing hearers give to fooles:

A jests prosperitie, lies in the eare

Of him that heares it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,

Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,

Will heare your idle scornes; continue then, 940

915. *my love: thy love*—1Q.

And I will have you, and that fault withall.
 But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
 And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
 Right joyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
 Ile jest a twelvemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. [*To the King*] I sweet my Lord, and so I take
 my leave. |

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
 Jacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie 950
 Might wel have made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
 And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Majesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy. 958

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leave.
 I am a Votarie, I have vow'd to *Jaquenetta* to holde the
 Plough for her sweet love three yeares. But most esteem-
 ed greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
 Learned men have compiled, in praise of the Owle and
 the Cuckow? It should have followed in the end of our
 shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter. 969

This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,

969-72. prose-MALONE.

Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
 And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
 Do paint the Medowes with delight.
 The Cuckow then on everie tree,
 Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckow. 980
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
 Unpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
 And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
 When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
 And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
 The Cuckow then on everie tree
 Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow.
 Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare, 990
 Unpleasing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Isicles hang by the wall,
 And Dicke the Sphepherd blowes his naile;
 And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
 And Milke comes frozen home in paille:
 When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle

975. shifted after 976—THEOBALD.

994. *Sphepbeard*: shepherd (Sheepheard)—1Q.

Then nightly sings the staring Owle
 Tu-whit to-who.
 A merrie note, ¹ *stir* or *skim*
 While greasie Jone doth keele¹ the pot. 1001

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
 And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
 When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit to who:
 A merrie note,
 While greasie Jone doth keele the pot. 1010

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
 Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
 You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

999, 1008. *to-who*: prefixed next l.—CAPELL.
 1011-13. prose—MALONE.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

First printed in two Quartos, 1600

The First Folio, 1623, follows the Second Quarto,
with additional stage directions and a few changes

M. N. D. A

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME' is aptly described by its title, for it is a play of fanciful texture — airy, musical, joyous. Fairies divide the stage with bewildered men and women, and exercise a kindly, though sometimes misdirected, influence over them.

The first act opens at Athens, showing preparations for the nuptials of Duke Theseus with Hippolyta, queen of the conquered Amazons. Hermia, an Athenian maiden, has two suitors at this time, about the choice of whom she and her father differ. The case is referred to the duke for decision, and he commands Hermia to obey her father. Rather than do so, she plans to flee with her accepted lover to a forest near by.

Act II opens in this wood, which is the realm of the fairy king and queen, Oberon and Titania, who just now are quarreling. In the midst of their dispute, Hermia and her lover arrive, as well as her other suitor and Helena, whom he has deserted. By means of an enchanted love-juice, Oberon, seeking to gain his point with Titania, works havoc with the diverse loves of these four mortals.

In Act III some humorous elements are introduced in the persons of a group of Athenian tradesmen, who

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

have assembled in the forest to rehearse a play in honour of the duke and his bride. Puck, a fairy sprite, plays pranks upon them, finally crowning Bottom, the weaver, with an ass's head, and leading him to Titania for her liege lord, she being also under the spell of the love-juice.

Act IV brings a happy clearing up of tangled webs, and a reconciliation between the four lovers and the duke's party.

Act V celebrates a triple wedding at the ducal palace, where the artisans present the burlesque play, and ends with a fairy dance and blessing.

SOURCES

The plot of this play, so far as is known, originated with Shakespeare, though critics are of opinion that he is indebted to Chaucer's 'Knights Tale' for several elements, notably the marriage of Theseus and Hippolyta. The story of the crossed lovers differs from the story of the two friends Palamon and Arcite and their love for Emily in the 'Tale,' yet bears resemblances to it at more than one point. The gods of Olympus, who have so active a hand in the destiny of Chaucer's lovers, are here represented by the fairy sprites. The anachronism of May-day observances in Athens at the time of Theseus may also be laid at Chaucer's door.

The fairies in their dealings with mortals are a product of the poet's fancy, but their names and general traits belong to popular literature and tradition. Oberon is found in Greene's 'James IV,' and still earlier in a Charlemagne romance, 'Huon of Bordeaux.' He is probably identical with Alberich, the dwarf of

M. N. D. D

INTRODUCTION

the 'Nibelungenlied.' Titania is taken from Ovid, who bestows the title on Diana to indicate her descent from the Titans. Her popular name was 'Queen Mab.' The exact prototype of Puck is not to be found, but his general characteristics are well known to popular tradition. He is the counterpart of Robin Goodfellow, found in several writers. *Puck* or *pouki* was an old word for devil, softened in Cornish to *pixey*. Oberon's vision is believed to contain a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, under the veil of allegory.

Chaucer's influence may perhaps be seen again in the suggestion for the play of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' in his 'Merchant's Tale.' However this may be, the comic interlude itself sufficiently recalls the story related by Chaucer in 'The Legend of Good Women,' or the version in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' to show the poet's indebtedness.

As to the tradesmen actors, it was customary at that time for the 'rude mechanical' to try his hand at acting—and probably with as dire results.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

Theseus states in the opening scene that four days are to pass before the marriage; but it will be seen that the action occupies only three. Upon the night following the opening of the play, Hermia and Lysander flee from Athens, and on the same night the clowns hold their forest rehearsal and the fairies play their pranks. The next morning Theseus discovers the lovers, and the same evening witnesses the joint nuptials. The eventful night in the forest occupies the greater part of the play—Acts II, III, and IV, scene i.

The time of the action is as legendary as the plot.

M. N. D. E

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The mention of this play by Meres in 'Palladis Tamia,' in 1598, makes it certain that the play was then known to the public. A piece of internal evidence not so certain is the name of Theseus, which may have been inspired by the 'Life of Theseus,' re-issued in North's Plutarch in 1595. But an earlier edition of this book was published, and this date of 1595 affords no definite base.

Perhaps the most valuable internal evidence is given by the lines in Act V, scene i, 59-60: 'The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deceast in beggerie.' The opening phrase has been taken by Warton, in 1773, to allude to Spenser's 'Teares of the Muses,' published in 1591. And the entire allusion was believed by Knight, in 1840, to refer to Robert Greene, a contemporary writer who died in poverty in 1592.

A further indication of the date may be given by Titania's description of the weather (Act II, scene i, ll. 86-120), if it applied to the actual state of the weather in England at the time when the play was performed. This year of bad weather is believed by several authorities to be 1594.

The supposition that the play was written to be performed at the marriage of a friend has proved unconvulsive, since the two noblemen, Southampton and Essex, for whom it might have been intended, were not married until 1598 and 1590, respectively — dates when the play was already known.

Nor do the literary qualities of the play lead to any definite evidence of the date. Rhymed lines and blank verse cannot be balanced against each other, since the

M. N. D. F

INTRODUCTION

play is intentionally lyrical. Yet the comparatively regular structure of the lines, the relatively undeveloped dramatic portrayal of character as judged by the poet's later work, and the general similarity in tone to the group of early comedies — 'Loves Labour's Lost,' 'Comedie of Errors,' and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' — all tend to place this play with them in point of time.

The summing up of this evidence, unconvulsive as it may be, piecemeal, assigns the play to a position somewhere between 1590 and 1597, 1595 being the date generally preferred.

EARLY EDITIONS

'A Midsommer Nights Dreame' was first published in 1600 in two different Quarto editions, at sixpence each. The First Quarto title-page ran as follows:

'A Midsommer nights dreame. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. ¶ Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sould at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetestreete. 1600.'

The Second Quarto bore the same title and division of lines, but instead of Fisher's name appears 'Printed by James Roberts, 1600.'

Which is the earlier there is no means of being sure. Roberts's Quarto was unregistered. Fisher's appears in the 'Stationers' Register,' 1600, '8 Octobris. Thomas ffysshier. Entred for his copie under the handes of master Bodes and the Wardens a booke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame . . . vjd.'

In the First Folio of 1623 the play appears amid the comedies, from page 145 to page 162. It is divided

M. N. D. G

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

into acts, but omits the scenes and *Dramatis Personæ*. The First Folio gives ninety-seven stage directions, not counting the division into acts, whereas the Second Quarto gives seventy-four stage directions and the First Quarto but fifty-six. Both Quartos omit the acts. Such evidences as these and that of V. i. 134 (where the name of one of the players appears in the direction) bring the Folio closer than the Quartos to Shakespeare's stage.

The Second Quarto corrects some of the errors of the First Quarto, is superior in stage directions, and is better printed; but otherwise the text and punctuation are not so good.

The First Folio was printed from a copy of the Second Quarto which had been used as a prompter's stage copy. It shows some errors and a few slight variations from its original.

M. N. D. H

**A
MIDSOMMER
NIGHTS DREAME**

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
 DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *a carpenter.*

SNUG, *a joiner.*

BOTTOM, *a weaver.*

FLUTE, *a bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *a tinker.*

STARVELING, *a tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OSBERON, *king of the fairies.*

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*

PEASEBLOSSOM, } *fairies.*
 COBWEB, }
 MOTH, }
 MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants
 on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*]

A
MIDSOMMER
NIGHTS DREAME



Actus primus.

[Scene i. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, [Philostrate,] with others.

Theseus.

NOW faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans revennew. 9

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep themselves in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philostrate*,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,

10. *nights*: night-1Q.

13. *now bent*: new-bent-Rowe.

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
 Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
 The pale companion is not for our pompe,

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword, 20
 And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
 and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
 Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius. 30

My Noble Lord,
 This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
 Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
 Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
 With faining voice, verses of faining love,
 And stolne the impression of her fantasie, 40
 With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
 Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers

30. *Stand forth Demetrius*: in text, next line—Rowe.

33. *Stand forth Lysander*: in text, next line—Rowe.

39. *faining* .. *faining*: *feigning* .. *feigning*—Rowe.

Of strong prevailment in unhardned youth)
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
 Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
 To stubborn harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
 Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
 Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
 I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her; 50
 Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
 Or to her death, according to our Law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you *Hermia*? be advis'd faire Maide,
 To you your Father should be as a God;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
 To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
 By him imprinted: and within his power,
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman. 60

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himselfe he is.

But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eies must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.

I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concerne my modestie
 In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts: 70
 But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore faire *Hermia* question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
 You can endure the liverie of a Nunne,
 For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd, 80
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
 Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
 But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
 Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
 Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
 Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up
 Unto his Lordship, whose unwished yoake, 90
 My soule consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
 The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship:
 Upon that day either prepare to dye,
 For disobedience to your fathers will,
 Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
 Or on *Dianaes* Altar to protest
 For aie, austerity, and single life. 99

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
 Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius*:
 Let me have *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Love;
 And what is mine, my love shall render him.
 And she is mine, and all my right of her,
 I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possest: my love is more then his:

105. *Aud:* And-Q2.2-4F.

My fortunes every way as fairely ranck'd 110

(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:

And (which is more then all these boasts can be)

I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, Ile avouch it to his head,

Made love to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,

And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,

Upon this spotted¹ and inconstant man. ^{1 polluted}

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,

And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof: 121

But being over-full of selfe-affaires,

My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,

And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both.

For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,

To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;

Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you up

(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life. 130

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my love?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:

I must imploy you in some businesse

Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of something, neerely that concernes your selves.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*

*Manet*² *Lysander* and *Hermia*. ^{2 remains}

Lys. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the Roses there do fade so fast? 139

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well

Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

141. mine: my-QQ.

Lys. For ought that ever I could reade,
 Could ever heare by tale or historie,
 The course of true love never did run smooth,
 But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthral'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to choose love by anothers eie. 150

Lys. Or if there were a simpathe in choise,
 Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentarie, as a sound:
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
 Briefe as the lightning in the collied¹ night, ^{1 black}
 That (in a spleene²) unfolds both heaven and earth;
 And ere a man hath power to say, behold, ^{2 passion}
 The jawes of darknesse do devoure it up:
 So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever crost, 160
 It stands as an edict in destinie:

Then let us teach our triall patience,
 Because it is a customarie crosse,
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
 Wishes and teares; poore Fancies³ followers. ^{3 love's}

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
 I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
 Of great revennew, and she hath no childe,
 From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues, 169
 And she respects⁴ me, as her onely sonne: ^{4 regards}
 There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,

142. begins *Ay me!* (Eigh me)—QQ.

142. *ever I could*: I could ever—QQ. 146. *love*: low—THEOBALD.

149. *merit*: friends—QQ.

150. *eie*: eyes—QQ.

153. *momentarie*: momentany—QQ. 169. *remov'd*: remote—QQ.

And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
 Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
 Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
 And in the wood, a league without the towne,
 (Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
 To do observance for a morne of May)
 There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
 I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow, 180
 By his best arrow with the golden head,
 By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
 By that which knitteth soules, and prospers love,
 And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
 When the false Troyan under saile was scene,
 By all the vowes that ever men have broke,
 (In number more then ever women spoke)
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To morrow truly will I meete with thee. 189
Lys. Keepe promise love: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe unsay,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happie faire! ¹ *pole-stars*
 Your eyes are loadstarres,¹ and your tongues sweet ayre
 More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
 When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
 Sicknesse is catching: O were favor² so, ² *features*
 Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
 My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye, 200
 My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,

177. *for:* to-QQ. 183. *love:* loves-1Q. 194. *you:* your-QQ.
 199. *Your words:* Yours would-HANMER.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,¹
 The rest Ile give to be to you translated. ¹*excepted*
 O teach me how you looke, and with what art
 you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
 such skil.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love. 209

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moove.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd *Athens* like a *Paradise* to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell. 220

Lys. *Helen*, to you our mindes we will unfold,

To morrow night, when *Phæbe* doth behold

Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,

Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse

(A time that Lovers flights doth still conceale)

Through *Athens* gates, have we devis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,

Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,

Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:

There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete, 230

And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes

To seeke new friends and strange companions,

203. *Ile*: I'd-POPE. 213. *none*: no fault-1Q. 218. *like*: as-1Q.

220. *into*: unto a-1Q.

229. *sweld*: sweet-THEOBALD.

232. *strange companions*: stranger companies-THEOBALD.

Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
 And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
 Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
 From lovers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu, 238
 As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
 Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
 But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not so:
 He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
 And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
 So I, admiring of his qualities:
 Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpose to forme and dignity,
 Love lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
 Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taste: 250
 Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
 And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
 Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
 As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
 For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,¹ 1 eyes
 He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
 And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight: 260
 Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
 Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
 If I have thanks, it is a deere expence:

239. *dotes*: dote-QQ.

253. *often*: so oft-1Q.

243. *dotb*: do-QQ.

262. *bis*: this-QQ.

But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To have his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same. Quince's house.*]

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and | Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night. 10

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weaver. 20

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himselfe most gallantly for love. 27

6. according: according—Qq. 2-4F.

12-3. grow on to: grow to—Qq.

26. gallantly: gallant—Qq.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moove stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*. 40

Quin. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: He speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisne*, *Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare. 51

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

33-5. 8 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON. 41. *You must: Flute, you must*—1Q.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince.* 60

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Joyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe. 71

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers sonne.

Bottom. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale. 81

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine

62. *there:* here—Qq.

72. *If you:* An you—CAPELL.

64-5. *if be:* if it be—Qq. 2-4F.

80. *roare and:* roar you an—Qq.

beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow. 92

Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our devises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu. 104

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A wood near Athens.*]

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow [Puck] at another.

Rob. [*Puck*] How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hil, over dale, through bush, through briar,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander everie where, swifter then the Moons sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the
green. |

The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see, 10

91. colour'd: colour-QQ.

98. we will: will we-1Q.

103. more: most-1Q.

5-6. through ... through: thorough ... thorough-1Q.

5-8. 8 rhymed ll.-POPE.

Those be Rubies, Fairie favors,
 In those freckles, live their favors,
 I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
 And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare.
 Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
 Our Queene and all her Elves come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night,
 Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
 For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath 20
 A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
 She never had so sweet a changeling,
 And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe
 Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
 But she (perforce) with-holds the loved boy,
 Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
 By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
 But they do square,¹ that all their Elves for feare 29
 Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there. ¹*quarrel*

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit
 'Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
 That frights the maidens of the Villagere, ²*hand-mill*
 Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,²
 And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
 And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,³
 Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, ³*frotb*
 You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. 40
 Are not you he?

32. *spirit*: *sprite*-1Q.33. *Are you not*: *Are not you*-1Q.34. *Villagere*: *villagery*(ee)-1Q.

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
 I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
 And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
 In very likenesse of a roasted crab:¹ ¹ *crab-apple*
 And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. 50
 The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
 Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
 And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe. ² *company*
 And then the whole quire² hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze,³ and sweare,
 A merrier houre was never wasted there. ³ *sneeze*
 But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fair. And heere my Mistris:
 Would that he were gone. 60

*Enter the King of Fairies [Oberon] at one doore with
 his traine, | and the Queene [Titania] at another
 with hers. |*

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
 Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. [*Tita.*] What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
 I have forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
 When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
 And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day, 70

46. *silly*: filly—1Q. 59-60. 1 l.—Qq. 63-4. 1 l.—Qq.

65. *Fairy*: Fairies—THEOBALD. 69. *wait*: hast—Qq.

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing love
 To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere
 Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?
 But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
 Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love,
 To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
 To give their bed joy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,
 Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
 Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*? 80
 Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
 From *Peregenia*, whom he ravished?
 And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
 With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of jealousy,
 And never since the middle Summers spring¹ *beginning*
 Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
 By paved fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, 90
 But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the Windes, piping to us in vaine,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
 Hath everie petty River made so proud,
 That they have over-borne their Continents.
 The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field, 100
 And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

73. *steepes*: *steppe*-1Q.83. *Eagles*: *Ægle*-Rowz.84. *Atiopa*: *Antiopa*-QQ.2-4F.95. *Hasb*: *Have*-2Rowz. *petty*: *pelting*-QQ.

The nine mens Morris is fild up with mud,
 And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
 For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.
 The humane mortals want their winter heere,
 No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
 Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
 And through this distemperature, we see 110
 The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
 And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
 An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
 Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
 Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evils,
 Comes from our debate, from our dissention, 120
 We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
 Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
 The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
 His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
 And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
 Full often hath she gossipt by my side, 130
 And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
 Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,

110. *tbrough*: thorough-1Q.2-3F.

111. *boared beaded*: hoary-headed-1Q.2-3F.

113. *cbinne*: thin-HALLIWELL. 119-20. 2 five-accent ll.-2-3F.

When we have laught to see the saies conceive,
 And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
 Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
 Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
 Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she being mortall, of that boy did die, 140
 And for her sake I doe reare up her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *T'hesus* wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our Round,
 And see our Moone-light revels, goe with us;
 If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
 We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury. 152

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember. 160

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,

141. *I doe:* do I-1Q.

161. *say:* saw-1Q.

But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free. 170
 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell upon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loves wound,
 And maidens call it, Love in idlenesse.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
 The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league. 180

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
 [Exit.]

Ober. Having once this juyce,
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking lookes upon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
 On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
 Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of love.
 And ere I take this charme off from her sight, 190
 (As I can take it with another hearbe)
 Ile make her render up her Page to me.
 But who comes heere? I am invisible,
 And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?

181. *girdle about*: girdle round about-1Q.

181-3. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

186. *when*: then-1Q.

190. *off from*: from off-1Q.

The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
 Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
 And heere am I, and wood¹ within this wood, ^{1 mad}
 Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*. 201
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
 Is true as steele. Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
 Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
 Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;
 I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*, 211
 The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
 Use me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
 Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leave
 (Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your love,
 (And yet a place of high respect with me)
 Then to be used as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
 For I am sicke when I do looke on thee. 220

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
 To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe
 Into the hands of one that loves you not,
 To trust the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsell of a desert place,
 With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my privileged: for that

198. *stay .. stayeth*: *slay .. slayeth*—THEOBALD.

199. *into*: *unto*—QQ. 200. *wood within*: *wode within*—HANMER.

210. *thee*: *you*—1Q.

218. *doe*: *use*—QQ.

It is not night when I doe see your face.
 Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, 230
 Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
 For you in my respect are nll the world.
 Then how can it be said I am alone,
 When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
 And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
 Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
 The Dove pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde 240
 Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
 When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
 Or if thou follow me, doe not beleewe,
 But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
 You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
 Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
 We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
 We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.

[*Exit Dem.*]

I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, 251
 To die upon the hand I love so well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
 Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy love.
 Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

232. nll: all-QQ. 2-4F. 246. and: the-1Q. 251. I: I'll-QQ.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
 Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes, 260
 Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
 There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
 Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
 And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
 Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
 And with the juyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
 And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
 A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love 270
 With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
 But doe it when the next thing he espies,
 May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, then she upon her love;
 And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord, your servant shall do so.
Exit. |

[Scene ii. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell,¹ and a Fairy song;
 Then for the third part of a minute hence, ¹ *dance*
 Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds, ² *bats*
 Some warre with Reremise,² for their leathern wings,
 To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe
 The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

10

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny Hedgehogges be not scene,
 Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
 Philomele with melodie,
 Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Never harme, nor spell, nor charme,
 Come our lovely Lady nye,
 So good night with Lullaby.*

20

*2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not heere,
 Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
 Beetles blacke approach not neere;
 Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
 Philomele with melody, &c.*

*1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
 One aloofe, stand Centinell. Shee sleeps.*

[*Exeunt Fairies.*]

Enter Oberon [and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids].

*Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Doe it for thy true Love take: 30
 Love and languish for his sake.
 Be it Ounce,¹ or Catte, or Beare, ¹ wild cat
 Pard,² or Boare with bristled haire, ² leopard
 In thy eye that shall appeare,
 When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
 Wake when some vile thing is neere. [*Exit.*]*

16. *your: our*—1Q.

18. 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire love, you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to speake troth I have forgot our way:
Wee'll rest us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good, 40
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I meane that my heart unto yours is knit, 50
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty, 60
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy love nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,

38. woods: wood-1Q.

51. can you: we can-QQ.

52. interchanged: interchaind-QQ.

60. humane: human-4F.

And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe give thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone, 70
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approve
This flowers force in stirring love.
Night and silence: who is heere?
Weedes¹ of *Athens* he doth weare: garments
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye 80
Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so. 91

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,

71. *finde: found-1Q.*

72. *One: On-QQ. 2-4F.*

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoere she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
 If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare; 100
 For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
 Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*
 Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
 Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery cyne?
 But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
 Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy
 sweet sake. |

Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art, 110
 That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
 Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
 What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love;
 Who will not change a Raven for a Dove? 120
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
 And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
 Things growing are not ripe untill their season;
 So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
 And touching now the point of humane skill,

110. *nature her shewes*: nature shows—Qq.

119. *Helena now I*: *Helena I*—1Q.

Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorne? 130
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.* 140

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come *Lysander* neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.* 150

Her. [*Awaking*] Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do
thy best |
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.

146. *that: they-Qq.*

156. *yet: you-Qq.*

Lysander, what remoov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
 What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
 Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
 Speake of all loves; I sound almost with feare. 160
 No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
 Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*]

*Enter the Clownes [Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute,
 Snout, and Starveling].*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter quince?*

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*? 9

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answere you that?

Snout. Berlaken,¹ a parlous² feare. ¹ *by our ladykin*

Star. I beleewe we must leave the killing out, when all is done. ² *perilous*

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,

160. *sound*: swoon (swoune)-1Q.

14. *Berlaken*: By'r lakin-CAPELL.

tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom*
the | Weaver; this will put them out of feare. 22

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves,
to | bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies, is a
most | dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull
wilde | foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to
looke | to it. 33

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to
tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither
as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such
thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let
him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the
joyner. 45

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-
ber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-
light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our
play? 51

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

33. to it: to't-CAPELL.

44. tell bim: tell them-QQ.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 58

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper. 71

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swagged here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? 80
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious savors sweete.

54. *Enter Pucke*: out-QQ.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours savors sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here. 90

Tbis. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Tbys. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe. 99

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tyre.

Tbys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit. 109

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
bryer, |

Sometime a horse Ile be, fometime a hound:

A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,

And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

112. *fometime*: sometime—2-4F.

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee? 120

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your owne, do you? [*Exit Snout.*]

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.* 1 transformed

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid. [*Sings.*] 130

The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. [*Awaking*] What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed? |

Bot. [*Sings*] The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay. 139
For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
never so?

116. *Enter Piramus, etc.*: shifted to after l. 105—CAPELL.

131. *Woosell: ouzel*—POPE. 134. *Wren and: wren with*—Q2.

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
 On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee.
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should have little
 reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
 love keepe little company together, now-adayes.
 The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
 not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke¹ upon occa-
 sion.

¹ *talk ironically* 153

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
 out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne
 turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate: 160
 The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I doe love thee; therefore goe with me,
 Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-
 seede, and foure Fairies.* 169

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,

145. shifted to after l. 147-1Q.

170. 5 ll. 1 *Fai.* Ready. 2 *Fai.* And I. 3 *Fai.* And I. 4 *Fai.*
 And I. All. Where, etc.—CAPELL.

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
 Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
 The honic-bags steale from the humble Bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
 And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
 To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies. 180
 Nod to him Elves, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech
 your worships name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
 Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold
 with you. 190

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. Pease blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*,
 your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good
 master *Pease-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquain-
 tance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seede.

Peas. Pease-blossome.

198

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your pati-
 ence well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe
 hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I pro-

182-4. 4 ll. *Peas.* Hail mortal! *Cob.* Hail! *Moth.* Hail! *Mus.*
 Hail!-CAPELL. (*Peas. Cob. Moth. Mus.*-DYCE.)

195. *of you more: you of more-QQ.*

198. *Pease-blossome out-QQ.2-4F.*

mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seede*.

Tita. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower. The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie, And when she weepes, weepe everie little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastitie. Tye up my lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit*.

[Scene ii. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter King of Pbaries, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit, What night-rule¹ now about this gaunted grove? ¹*revelry*

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in love, Neere to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hower, 10 A crew of patches,² rude Mcehanicals, ²*clowns* That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stals, Were met together to rehearse a Play, Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day: The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,³ ³*crew* Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport, Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take,

203. *you: your*-3-4F.

207. *weepe: weeps*-1Q.

209. *lovers: love's*-POPE.

7. *gaunted: haunted*-QQ. 2-4F.

11. *Mcehanicals: mechanicals*-QQ. 2-4F.

An Asses nole¹ I fixed on his head. 1 bead
 Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered, 20
 And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
 As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
 Or russet-pated choughes, many in sort
 (Rising and cawing at the guns report)
 Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:
 So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
 And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
 He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
 Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong. 30
 For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
 I led them on in this distracted feare,
 And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lov'd an Asse.
Ob. This fals out better then I could devise:
 But hast thou yet lacht² the *Athenians* eyes, ²dripped in
 With the love juyce, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to) 40
 And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
 That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
 For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,

23. *russet-pated*: russet-pated—1Q.4F.

If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe, 50
 Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
 me too:

The Sunne was not so true unto the day,
 As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
 From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeve as soone
 This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
 May through the Center creepe, and so displease
 Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
 It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
 So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim. 60

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
 Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
 Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
 As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
 Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
 Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
 Henceforth be never numbred among men. 70

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
 Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
 And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch:
 Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
 An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
 Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispri'd¹ mood,
 I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood: ¹ *mistaken*
 Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

51-2. new l. at And kill—Rowe. 60. mutrberer: murderer—2Q.

61. murderer: murder'd—QQ. 63. looks: look—QQ.

67. I'de: I had—IQ. 71. tell true: repeated—IQ.

72. a lookt: have look'd—QQ. 79. ought: aught—THEOBALD.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well. 80

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;

And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.

So sorrowes heavinesse doth heavier grow:

For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,

Which now in some slight measure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe* 90
[*and sleep*].

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juyce on some true loves sight:

Of thy misprision,¹ must perforce ensue ¹ *mistake*
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.

All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,² ² *countenance*
With sighes of love, that costs the fresh bloud deare.

By some illusion see thou bring her heere, 101
He charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple die,

Hit with *Cupids* archery,

Sinke in apple of his eye,

When his love he doth espie,

Let her shine as gloriously

81. *And if*: An' if—CAPELL.

83-4. *part I*: part I so; new l. at See—POPE.

88. *bankrout slip*: bankrupt sleep—ROWE. 102. *dotb*: do—QQ.

As the *Venus* of the sky. 110
 When thou wak'st if she be by,
 Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
 And the youth, mistooke by me,
 Pleading for a Lovers fee.
 Shall we their fond Pageant see?
 Lord, what fooles these mortals be! 120

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
 Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooc one,
 That must needs be sport alone:
 And those things doe best please me,
 That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooc in
 scorn? |
 Scorne and derision never comes in teares:
 Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
 In their nativity all truth appeares. 130
 How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
 Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
 When truth kils truth, O divelish holy fray!
 These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
 Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
 Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

128. comes: come-QQ.

129. borne: born-3-4F

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore. 139

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Awa.*

Dem. O *Helen*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, divine,
To what my, love, shall I compare thine eyne!
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent 150
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must joyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*; 160
And now both Rivals to mocke *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lysa. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part; 170

150. are all: all are—Qq.

156. are men: were men—Qq.

And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers wast more idle breth.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare. 181
Looke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? 190

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Love doth presse
to go? |

Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and cies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,

172. to: till-1Q. 177. it is: is it-1Q. 179. It is: Helen, it is-1Q.
181. abide: aby-1Q. 187. Ir: It-QQ. 2-4F.

Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three, 200
 To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
 Injurious Hermia, most ungratefull maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To baite me, with this foule derision?
 Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
 When wee have chid the hasty footed time,
 For parting us; O, is all forgot?
 All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
 We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods, 210
 Have with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
 Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first life coats in Heraldry, 220
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To joyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone doe feele the injurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
 I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
 To follow me, and praise my eies and face? 230
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*

208. *is*: is it—GLOBE.217. *a union*: an union—Qq. 4F.220. *life*: like—THEOBALD.

(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
 To call me goddesse, nimph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speakes he this
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Denie your love (so rich within his soule)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate? 240
 (But miserable most, to love unlov'd)
 This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, persever, counterfeit sad lookes,
 Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
 Winke each at other, hold the sweete jest up:
 This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument:
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault, 250
 Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
 My love, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
 Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.
Helena, I love thee, by my life I doe;
 I sweare by that which I will lose for thee, 260
 To prove him false, that saies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and prove it too.

250. mine: my-1Q.

258. praise: prayers-THEOBALD.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;
Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go. 269

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Love?

Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word. 280

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life; 290

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena*.

267. *no, Sir, seeme*: no; he'll ... Seem (new l. at Seem)—1Q.

272-4. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

275. *O hated*: *hated*—POPE. *poison*: *potion*—1Q.

Her. O me, you jugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of love; What, have you come by night,
And stolne my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare 300
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake, 310
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst: ¹ ¹ *shrewish*
I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe. 320

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe, 330
 And follow you no further. Let me go.
 You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
 She was a vixen when she went to schoole, 340
 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
 You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
 In her behalfe that scornes your services.
 Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*, 350
 Take not her part. For if thou dost intend¹ *pretend*
 Never so little shew of love to her,
 Thou shalt abide² it. *pay for*

Lys. Now she holds me not,
 Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
 Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
 jowle. *Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle³ is long of you.
 Nay, goe not backe. ^{3 tangle} 360

Hel. I will not trust you I,

353. *abide*: *aby*-1Q.

Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
 Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
 My legs are longer though to runne away. [Exit.]
 [Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
 Exit.]

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
 Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
 Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on? 370
 And so farre blamelesse proves my enterprize,
 That I have nointed an Athenians eies,
 And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,¹ 1 chance
 As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
 Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
 The starrie Welkin cover thou anon,
 With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
 And lead these testie Rivals so astray,
 As one come not within anothers way. 380
 Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
 And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
 And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
 Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
 With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
 Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
 Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eie-bals role with wonted sight. 390

364-5. bracketed l. in Q_Q.
 370. *batb*: had-1Q.

367. *willingly*: wilfully-Q_Q.

When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
 And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
 Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
 And then I will her charmed eie release
 From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast, 400
 And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
 At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
 Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
 That in crosse-waies and flouds have buriall,
 Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
 For feare least day should looke their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves dxile from light,
 And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I, with the mornings love have oft made sport, 410
 And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
 Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
 Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
 But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Up and downe, up and downe, I will leade
 them up and downe: I am sear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them up and downe: here comes one.

395. *imply*: e(i)m-ploy-1Q.

400. *night-swift*: night's swift-1Q.

407. *dxile*: exile-QQ.2-4F.

417-9. 4 rhymed ll. and 1 short l. at Here-Pope.

418. *sear'd*: fear'd-QQ.2-4F.

Enter Lysander.

420

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art thou? |

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars, 431
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.

Exit. |

[*Re-enter Lysander.*]

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *shifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke uneven way, 441
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight. [*Sleeps.*]

421-2. 1 l.-Q_Q.

425. new l. at To.-THEOBALD.

438. be's: he is-1Q.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou? 450

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East, 460
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts up sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad. 470

Her. Never so wearie, never so in woe,

450. *art thou:* art thou now—1Q.

463. *sometime:* sometimes—Q. 3 4F.

Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
 I can no further crawle, no further goe;
 My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
 Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
 Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.

[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]

When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
 True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye, 480
 And the Country Proverb knowne,
 That every man should take his owne,
 In your waking shall be showne.
Jacke shall have *Fill*, nought shall goe ill,
 The man shall have his Mare againe, and all shall bee
 well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena,
 and Hermia lying asleep.*]

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne [Bottom], and
 Fairies, and the King behinde them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
 While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,¹ ^{1 stroke}
 And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. [Bot.] Where's *Pease blossom*?

477-80. 10 rhymed ll.—WARBURTON.

478. *apply your:* apply To your—ROWE.

484. 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's
Moun- | sieur *Cobweb*. 11

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have yon over-flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur *Mustardseed*? 20

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Give me your neafe,¹ Mounsieur *Mustardseed*. Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounsieur. ¹ *fist*

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Cavalery *Cobweb* to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for me-thinkes I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must | scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet love. 31

Clow. I have a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let us have the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Love, what thou desirest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Provender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy, 40

17. *get your:* get you your-1Q.

18. *yon:* you-QQ. 2-4F.

32-3 *Let us:* Let's-1Q.

40-2. five-accent ll.-HANMER.

That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
have an exposition of sleepe come upon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies begone, and be alwaies away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*]
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme. 50
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. [*Advancing*] Welcome good *Robin*:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers. 60
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

47. *alwaies*: all ways—THEOBALD.

53-4. 1 l.—Q2.

57. *savors*: favours—1 Q. 4 F. 63. *flouriets*: floweret's—STEEVENS.

And now I have the Boy, I will undoe 70
 This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
 And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;
 That he awaking when the other doe,
 May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
 And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

*Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
 See as thou wast wont to see.* 80
*Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
 Hath such force and blessed power.*

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.
Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seene!
 Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to passe?

Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead 90

Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles cies
 peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands
 with me |

And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

79. *Be thou as thou:* Be as thou—Qq.

81. *bud, or:* bud o'er—THEOBALD.

88. *dotb:* do—IQ. 2-4F. *this:* his—IQ.

89. *bis:* this—Qq.

91. *fine:* five—THEOBALD. 94. *When thou:* Now, when thou—IQ.

Now thou and I are new in amity,
 And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
 Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly, 100
 And blesse it to all faire posterity.
 There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be
 Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
 I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
 Trip we after the nights shade;
 We the Globe can compasse soone,
 Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight, 110
 Tell me how it came this night,
 That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
 For now our observation is perform'd;
 And since we have the vaward¹ of the day, ^{1 fore part}
 My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds. 120
 Uncouple in the Westernne valley, let them goe;
 Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top.
 And marke the musicall confusion
 Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,

101. *posterity*: prosperity-1Q.

104. *Faire*: Fairy-QQ.

107. *after the nights*: after night's-1Q.

When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
 With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I heare
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountaines, every region neere, 130
 Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
 So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

T'bes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
 So flew'd,¹ so sanded,² and their heads are hung

¹ *deep-chapped* ² *sandy-spotted*

With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
 Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
 In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *T'bessaly*; 140

Judge when you heare. Bnt soft, what nymphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
 And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
 This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
 I wonder of this being heere together.

T'be. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
 The right of May; and hearing our intent,
 Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
 But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
 That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice? 150

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

T'bes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their
 hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

T'bes. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
 Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

131. *Seeme:* Seem'd-2-4F.

145. *this:* their-1Q.

147. *right:* rite-Pope.

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

T'hes. I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are Rivall enemies. 160

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is is so farre from jealousy,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be 170

Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;

I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:

They would have stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and me of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them; 180

Faire *Helena*, in fancy¹ followed me. ^{1 love}

But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,

(But by some power it is) my love

To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childehood I did doat upon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,

162. *is is*: 18-QQ. 2-4F.

170. *might be*: might-1Q.

181. *followed*: following-1Q.

183-5. 3 five-accent ll.-PORK.

Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*, 190
 But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
 But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
 Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

Tbes. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met;
 Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will over-beare your will;
 For in the Temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And for the morning now is something worne, 200
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
 Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
 Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.

Come *Hippolitæ*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These things seeme small & undistinguishable,
 Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every things seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
 And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell, 210
 Mine owne, and not mine owne. [Are you sure
 [That we are awake?]

Dem. It seemes to mee,
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
 The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolitæ*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

190. *see Hermia*: saw *Hermia*-STEEVENS.

191. *like a*: like in-STEEVENS.

193. *doe I*: I do-1Q.

196. *shall beare more*: more will hear-1Q.

208. *things*: thing-POPE.

211-12. bracketed sentence in Qq.

217. *be bid*: he did bid-1Q.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreames.

Bottom wakes. Exit Lovers. 220

Clo. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. | My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? | *Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starve-* | *ling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I | have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit | of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, | if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I | was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, | and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, | if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of | man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans | hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his | heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottome; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-adventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. *Exit. 238*

[Scene ii. *Athens. Quince's House.*]

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come home yet?

Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

This. [*Flu.*] If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes | not forward, doth it?

218-19. 2 five-accent ll.—2Rowe. 225. *I had: I have had—Qq.*
1. *Thisbie* out—2Rowe.

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*. 11

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse us) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men. 20

This. O sweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottome*, ô most couragious day! O most happye houre! 29

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us heare, sweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,

32. *as it fell*: right as it fell—*Qq.*

meete presently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to utter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

*Enter Theseus, Hippolita, [Philstrate,] Egeus and
his Lords. |*

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speake of. |

The. More strange then true. I never may beleewe These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact.¹ ¹*composed* 10 One sees more divels then vaste hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke, Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes, And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation,

7-8. new l. at MORE-THEOBALD. 14-15. new l. at Doth-Rowe.
16-19. 5 five-accent ll.-2Rowe. 18. *aire: airy*-2Q.

And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That if it would but apprehend some joy, 20
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancies images,
 And growes to something of great constancie;¹
 But howsoever, strange, and admirable. ^{1 consistency}

*Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,
 and Helena.* 30

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth:
 Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh dayes
 Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to us, waite in your royall walkes,
 your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
 we have,

To weare away this long age of three houres,
 Between our after supper, and bed-time?
 Where is our usuall manager of mirth? 40
 What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
 Call *Egeus*.

Ege. [*Phil.*] Heere mighty *Theseus*.

The. Say, what abridgement² have you for this eve-
 ning? ^{2 pastime}
 What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
 The lazie time, if not with some delight?

32-5. 3 five-accent ll.-2-4F.

43. *Egeus*: Philostrate-QQ.

Ege. [*Phil.*] There is a breefe¹ how many sports
are rife: | ^{1 short account}
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first. 50

[*Giving a paper.*]

Lis. [*Reads*] The battell with the Centaurs to be
sung |

By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Love
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lis. [*Reads*] The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

The. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lis. [*Reads*] The thrice three Muses, mourning for
the death | of learning, late deceast in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall, 61
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lis. [*Reads*] A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Pira-*
mus, |

And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. [*Phil.*] A play there is, my Lord, some ten
words long, |

Which is as breefe, as I have knowne a play;

But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; 70

Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,

There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.

And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*

49. *rife*: ripe—1Q.

59-60. 2 five-accent ll.—QQ.

65-7. 3 ll. ending brief, snow, discord—THEOBALD.

73-7. 5 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

51-67. all given to Theseus—QQ.

Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
 Rehearse, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
 But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter
 Never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. [*Pbil.*] Hard handed men, that worke in
 Athens heere, |

Which never labour'd in their mindes till now; 80
 And now have toyled their unbreathed¹ memories
 With this same play, against your nuptiall. ¹*unpractised*

The. And we will heare it.

Pbi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have
 heard |

It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
 Unlesse you can finde sport in their intents,
 Extreame stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
 To doe you service. 88

Thes. I will heare that play. For never any thing
 Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.
 Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
 And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
 And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
 Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed 100
 To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seene them shiver and looke pale,

Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
 And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
 Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
 And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
 I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
 Of saucy and audacious eloquence. 110
 Love therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
 In least, speake most, to my capacity.

[*Re-enter Philostrate.*]

Egeus. [*Phil.*] So please your Grace, the Prologue is
 addrest.¹ [*Phil.*] So please your Grace, the Prologue is
 1 ready
Duke. [*Tbes.*] Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
 That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
 That is the true beginning of our end.
 Consider then, we come but in despight. 120
 We do not come, as minding to content you,
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,
 We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
 The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
 You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Tbes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
 knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
 enough to speake, but to speake true. 129

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
 childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

T'hes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and T'hisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon. |

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *T'hisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present 140
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Lovers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooc:
This grizy beast (which Lyon hight¹ by name)
The trusty *T'hisby*, comming first by night, ^{1 called}
Did scarre away, or rather did affright: 150
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *T'hisbies* Mantle slaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloody breast,
And *T'hisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine. 160
Exit all but Wall.

134. *Tawyer* ... *them* out—QQ. 148. *grizy*: *grisly*—QQ. 2-4F.

154. *his T'hisbies*: *his trusty Thisby's*—QQ.

Tbes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie* 170
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull Lovers are to whisper.

Tbes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Tbes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence. 180

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue so blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.
And thou ô wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, ô sweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thankes courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see. 191

186. *thou sweet and:* O sweet O-QQ. 187. *stands:* stand'st-1Q.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving mee.

T'hes. The wall me-thinkes being sensible,¹ should
curse againe. ¹ *having feeling*

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *T'hisbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter T'hisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. 200

T'his. O wall, full often hast thou heard mv mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips have often kist thy stones;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyra. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *T'hisbies* face. *T'hisbie?*

T'his. My Love thou art, my Love I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

T'his. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill. 210

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

T'his. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

T'his. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me straight
way?

T'his. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and T'hisbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

196-200. prose-POPZ. 197. *enter, and: enter now, and-QQ.*

210. *And like: And I like-QQ.2F.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two
Neighbors. 221

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wil-
full, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of
themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion. 230

Enter Lyon and Moone-sbine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joyner am
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. [*T'bes.*] A verie gentle beast, and of a good
conscience. | 240

Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie
his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to
his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

220. *morall*: mural-2POPE.

224. *ere*: ever-1Q.

230. *beasts, in*: beasts in,-2ROWE.

239. *of*: on-2Q.

248. *bearken*: listen-1Q.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present. 250

De. He should have worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you see, it is already in snuffe. 260

Dut. [*Hip.*] I am wearie of this Moone; would he would | change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby. 272

This. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my love?
Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

254-5. 2 five-accent ll.—Qq. 3-4F.

259-60. prose—1Q.

271. *they*: all these—1Q.

255. *doth*: do—Qq.

261. *wearie*: aweary—1Q.

Dut. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

[*The Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

Du. Wel mouz'd¹ Lion. ¹ moused 280

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.

But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,

What dreadful dole² is heere? ² grief 290

Eyes do you see! How can it be!

O dainty Ducke: O Deere!

Thy mantle good; what staine with blood!

Approch you Furies fell:

O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,³

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell. ³ tuft of yarn

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere: 300

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound

The pap of *Piramus*:

278-9. prose-QQ.

281. shifted to after 282-GLOBE.

286. beames: gleams-STAUTON.

287. taste ... *Thisbies*: take ... *Thisby*-QQ.

288-94. 11 rhymed ll.-POPE.

293. you: ye-QQ.

296-7. prose-QQ.

303-8. 11 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON.

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop; [*Stabs himself.*]
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

[*Exit Moonsbine.*]

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye. [*Dies.*]

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lis. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing. 312

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Asse.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Thisby comes backe, and findes her Lover.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not use a long one for such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be breefe. 321

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better [he for a man; God warnd us: she, for a woman; God blesse us.]

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes. |

Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

This. Asleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?

O *Piramus* arise:

Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

315-16. prose-IQ.

318-19. prose-QQ.

322. *Moth*: mote-STEEVENS.

323-4. bracketed ll. in QQ. *warnd*: warrant-COLLIER.

326-40. 23 rhymed ll. except 330, 2 ll. ending lips and nose-THEOBALD.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose, 330
 These yellow Cowslip cheekes
 Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:
 His eyes were greene as Leekes.
 O sisters three, come, come to mee,
 With hands as pale as Milke,
 Lay them in gore, since you have shore
 With sheeres, his thred of silke.
 Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:
 Come blade, my brest imbrue: [*Stabs herself.*]
 And farwell friends, thus *T'hisbie* ends; 340
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. [*Starting up*] No, I assure you, the wall is
 downe, that parted | their Fathers. Will it please you
 to see the Epilogue, or | to heare a Bergomask dance,
 betweene two of our com- | pany? 347

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
 no excuse. Never excuse; for when the plaiers are all
 dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
 writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *T'hisbies*
 garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
 truly, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
 Burgomaske;¹ let your Epilogue alone. [*A dance.*] 354
 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time. ¹*rustic dance*

I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
 As much as we this night have over-watcht.
 This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. 360
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
 In nightly Revels; and new jollitie. *Exeunt.*

351. *bung*: hanged-QQ.

Enter Pucke.

Puck Now the hungry Lyons rores,
 And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
 Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary taske fore-done.¹ 1 tired out
 Now the wasted brands doe glow,
 Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritchling loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe, 370
 In remembrance of a shrowd.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the Church-way paths to glide.
 And we Fairies, that do runne,
 By the triple *Hecates* teame,
 From the presence of the Sunne,
 Following darkenesse like a dreame,
 Now are frolicke; not a Mouse 380
 Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
 I am sent with broome before,
 To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsie fier,
 Everie Elfe and Fairie spright,
 Hop as light as bird from brier,
 And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.
Tita. First rehearse this song by roate, 390
 To each word a warbling note.

364. *Lyons*: lion—Rowe.

389. 2 rhymed ll.—2Rowe.

365. *beholds*: behowls—THEOBALD.390. *this*: your—1Q.

Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song [and dance].

*Now untill the breake of day,
Throug this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate: 400
So shall all the couples thre,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Never mole, harelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate, 410
And each severall chamber blesse,
Throug this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.
[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]*

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare. 420

413. shift to after 414—STAUNTON.

V. i. 434-445] A MIDSOMMER DREAME

And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we have unearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

430

[*Exit.*]

423. *Centles*: Gentles—QQ. 2-4F.

FINIS.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

First printed in two Quartos, 1600

The First Folio, 1623, follows the
Second Quarto, supplying the
acts, but making few other
variations

M. V. A

INTRODUCTION

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE is a grave but pleasant drama of manners, employing at least four distinct episodes,—the pound of flesh, the choice of caskets, the elopement of the Jew's daughter, and the missing rings,—and contrasting love with friendship, and the emotions with money values.

Antonio, a merchant of Venice, lends his cherished friend Bassanio a sum of money needed by the latter for a visit to Portia, an heiress with whom Bassanio is in love. The merchant, being then short of funds, obtains a loan from the Jew Shylock, and promises Shylock that the money will be paid on a certain day, or a pound of his flesh will be forfeit.

In Act II Shylock's daughter elopes with another of Antonio's friends—a circumstance which augments the Jew's secret hatred of the merchant.

Act III deals with Bassanio's arrival at the home of Portia, where he chooses the right one of three caskets which, according to a clause in her father's will, determines her successful suitor. Bassanio is accepted; but his joy is dulled by news that Antonio has been unable to pay his debt and that the Jew insists upon his pound of flesh.

In Act IV Antonio is tried before the Duke of Venice. Portia disguises herself as a lawyer and wins

M. V. C

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

the case against Shylock. Bassanio wishes to see the supposed lawyer with the original amount of the debt; but Portia will not accept it, and asks instead for a ring from Bassanio's finger, it being the ring she had bestowed upon him when they plighted their troth.

He gives it to her, and (Act V) when they are returned to her home, and she has removed her disguise, she pretends to quarrel with him for his faithlessness, being supported by the parallel case of her maid and a friend of Bassanio's. The whole story at last leaks out, and all four are made happy. The merchant of Venice likewise escapes from his pecuniary difficulties by certain of his ships arriving in port.

SOURCES

By reason of the fourfold nature of this story, the tracing of sources becomes a tedious and uncertain matter. Numerous plots bearing one or more of the turning-points made use of by Shakespeare existed before his time in such variety as to make the playwright's direct sources confused.

He was indebted, either directly or indirectly, to an Italian story, '*Il Pecorone*,' written by Giovanni Fiorentino as early as 1378. This story tells of a merchant of Venice, who lends money to a dear friend, and borrows in turn from a Jew on condition of a pound of flesh forfeiture for non-payment. The friend goes to pay court to a wealthy lady at Belmont, and wins her in a test (not that of the three caskets). He learns that the merchant is in the clutches of the Jew; the lady dresses as a judge and wins the case by the same argument used by Portia; she claims the ring in payment, and upbraids him on their return home.

M. V. D

INTRODUCTION

The above outline shows how closely Shakespeare followed the Italian in two of his four themes — the pound of flesh and the missing ring. For a third theme, the choice of caskets, we find a general source in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' translated by Richard Robinson, and published in 1577.

The remaining theme, the elopement of the Jew's daughter, is seen in the Fourteenth Novel of *Masuccio di Salerno* (1470).

But only one probable source has been pointed out above for Shakespeare's leading themes, while, as a matter of fact, there are several others which may be cited. A Latin version of the bond of flesh is found in a manuscript 'Gesta Romanorum.' A Greek story of the choice of caskets is found in the romance of 'Barlaam and Josaphat' (about 800). Coming nearer to Shakespeare's time, a play known as 'The Jew' — which, according to Stephen Gosson, in his 'Schoole of Abuse' (1579), represented 'the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers' — seems to have been a pre-Shakespearian blending of the casket and flesh stories. Edmund Spenser may have referred to this play in a letter to Gabriel Harvey in 1579, by signing himself 'He that is fast bound unto thee in more obligations than any merchant of Italy to any Jew there.' Another supposed source for Shakespeare's plot is cited in the 'Ballad of Gernutus,' published in Percy's 'Reliques,' and still accessible to the general reader. 'Gernutus' is similar in name to the Jew Gerontus, told of in 'The Three Ladies of London' (1584), who tries to recover a loan of three thousand ducats. Alexander Silvayn's 'Orator' may have suggested passages in Shylock's argument.

M. V. E

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Marlowe's 'Jew of Malta' must also be taken into consideration in any study of Shakespeare's sources. The Jew Barabas has been placed by the side of Shylock by many critics, and numerous parallels and differences have been set forth. Barabas is more of a monster, and elicits no sympathy; but in his attitude with respect to his daughter he resembles Shylock.

To sum up the evidence from many conflicting sources, we find Shakespeare indebted not only for leading facts used by Fiorentino and others, but also for many minor episodes, situations, and expressions used, and used again, by several preceding writers. Nearly all the 'Merchant of Venice' material was old before Shakespeare took it up. What, then, of the play is his? Everything that makes his version live, while others are forgotten. He has not only skilfully blended the diverse elements into one harmonious whole, but has peopled it with living, real men and women, and breathed into its lines a sentiment and romance which stamps the play absolutely his own for all time.

DURATION OF THE ACTION

The time of the play is presumed to be a day or two more than three months, this being the period of Shylock's loan. The bond is signed at the end of Act I. Bassanio must have departed speedily for Belmont, and, once there, have lost no time in making his choice of caskets. But by Act III, scene ii, he has accomplished all this and received word from Shylock that his bond is forfeit. There is considerable time unaccounted for during these three months, but the scenes are crowded so full of events as to give the

M. V. F

INTRODUCTION

effect of lapse of time. The action itself may be compressed into eight days: Day 1, Act I. Day 2, Act II, scenes i-vii. Day 3, Act II, scenes viii-ix. Day 4, Act III, scene i. Day 5, Act III, scenes ii-iv. Day 6, Act III, scene v, Act IV. Days 7 and 8, Act V. Intervals among the first five days, allowing for journeys, entertainments, and other delays, might be made to space out the allotted three months, but only by obvious stretching.

The period of the play cannot be arrived at even approximately, on account of its conflicting sources. The Venice of Shakespeare's own day would answer every purpose.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

Francis Meres mentions the play in his list given in 'Palladis Tamia,' of 1598. The play was therefore known before that year; and on the 22d of July in the same year it was entered upon the 'Stationers' Register.' In 1596 an English translation of Silvan's 'Orator' appeared. If Shakespeare were indebted to Silvan in any way, this would tend to fix 'The Merchant of Venice' between 1596 and 1598 — say 1597, a date which several early editors accept.

A bit of disturbing evidence is afforded, however, by an entry in Henslowe's 'Diary,' under date of August 25, 1594, which speaks of 'the Venesyon comodey' as a new play. Henslowe was manager of the theatre in which Shakespeare's company played in that year, and his entry may have referred to 'The Merchant of Venice,' or a rougher acting version of the play which was afterward revised.

Internal evidence shows a blending of youth with

M. V. G

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

maturity in the lines, and places the play among the early productions of the middle period, or between 1594 and 1597.

EARLY EDITIONS

'The Merchant of Venice' appeared in two Quartos of 1600, before its inclusion in the First Folio of 1623. The first official entry of it in the 'Stationers' Register' ran as follows:

'22 July, 1598, James Roberts] A booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyse. Provided that yt bee not prynted by the said James Robertes, or anye other whatsoever, without lycence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen.'

Shakespeare's company was designated as 'the Lord Chamberlain's Servants,' and the above entry was evidently a protection against piracy, which held for two years; for Roberts's version, known as the First Quarto, was not printed until 1600, the year of the Second Quarto. The First Quarto bore the following title-page:

'The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600.'

The Second Quarto's title ran as follows:

'The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreame crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia by the

M. V. H

INTRODUCTION

choyse of three chests. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London, Printed by J. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600.'

The Second Quarto was entered October 28, 1600, 'under the handes of the Wardens and by consent of Master Robertes.' It consists of thirty-eight leaves, and the other of forty. The texts are so nearly alike as to leave in doubt the question as to which has the greater authority. The Second Quarto seems to be the authorized text, yet the First is on the whole the more accurate.

The First Folio of 1623 includes the play in the division of comedies, where it occupies twenty-two pages, from page 163 to page 184, inclusive. It is there divided into acts, but not into scenes, and gives no *Dramatis Personæ*. This last was first supplied by a new edition of the Second Quarto published in 1637. A Fourth Quarto, evidently a reprint of the Third, was printed in 1652.

The First Folio follows the Second Quarto, thus lending added weight to the contention that the latter is the genuine text; it makes few and unimportant changes; and the play, therefore, has since been tampered with little by succeeding editors.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } *suitors to Portia.*
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }

ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*

SALANIO,

SALARINO,

GRATIANO,

SALERIO,

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHASAR, } *servants to Portia.*

STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the
seat of Portia, on the Continent.]*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE



Actus primus.

[Scene i. *Venice. A street.*]

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio

Anthonio.

I N sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of
mee,

That I have much ado to know my selfe. 10

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,

7. *borne: born*-3-4F.

8-9. new l. at *And*-3Q.

iii. 14

Do over-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Beleeve me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still 20
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And every object that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats, 30
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing¹ her high top lower then her ribs ¹ *lowering*
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought 41
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Antbonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Antb. Beleeve me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,

28. *mights doe at sea:* at sea might do-1Q.

31. *docks:* dock'd-Rowz.

Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love. 50

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in love neither: then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile 60
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Faryewell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sala. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne busines calls on you, 70
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,
when? |

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you have found *Antonio*

We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

80

Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liver rather heate with wine, 90
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablasters?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies
By being peevisish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I love thee, and it is my love that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion 100
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.

93. *Alablasters*: alabaster—*POPE*.

102. *sir an Oracle*: Sir Oracle—*Qq*.

But fish not with this melancholly baite 110
 For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
 Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
 Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
 I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
 For *Gratiano* never let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
 In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now. 122

Bas. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing,
 more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
 graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall
 seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you have them
 they are not worth the search.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same
 To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
 That you to day promis'd to tel me of? 130

Bas. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*
 How much I have disabled mine estate,
 By something shewing a more swelling port
 Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
 Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
 From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
 Is to come fairely off from the great debts
 Wherein my time something too prodigall
 Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
 I owe the most in money, and in love, 140
 And from your love I have a warrantie

122. *It is that: Is that—Rowe.*

124. *are: are as—Qq.*

To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight 150
The selfesame way, with more advised watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hoode prooffe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe, 160
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I have:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore speake.

Bass. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left, 170
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages:

164. *doe more: do me now more—Qq.*

Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd
 To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
 For the foure winde blow in from every coast
 Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
 Which makes her seat of *Belmont Chalcobos* strond,
 And many *Jasons* come in quest of her. 181
 O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
 To hold a rivall place with one of them,
 I have a minde presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Antb. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
 Neither have I money, nor commodity
 To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
 Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
 That shall be rackt even to the uttermost, 190
 To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
 Goe presently enquire, and so will I
 Where money is, and I no question make
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerissa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starve with nothing; it is no smal happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, super-

7. *smal*: mean-QQ.

fluitie comes sooner by white haire, but competencie
lives longer. 10

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore
mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Divine that
followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twen-
tie what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-
tie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
vise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a
colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip
ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this
reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee,
the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would,
nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a living daugh-
ter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Ner-*
rissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none. 26

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men
at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lot-
terie that hee hath devised in these three chests of gold,
silver, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses you, wil no doubt never be chosen by any right-
ly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these Princely
suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest
them, I will describe them, and according to my descrip-
tion levell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince. 38

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but
talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropria-

22. *in fasbion:* in the fashion—Qq. 25. *it is:* Is it—Qq. 2-4F.

32. *who you shall:* who shall—1Q.

tion to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will prove the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of unmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two. 51

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier *Le Boune*?

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madnesse, I should never requite him. 62

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Barón of *England*?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I have a poore pennie-worth in the *English*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a

42. *afraid*: *afeard*-QQ.

44, 57. *Palentine*: *Palatine*-1Q.

49. *to be*: *be*-QQ.

54. *Pro*: *Por*.-QQ. 3-4F.

62. *should*: *shall*-QQ.

44. *is there*: *there is*-1Q.

46. *and*: *If*-1Q.

53. *Boune*: *Bon*-CAPELL.

58. *Trassell*: *throstle*-POPE.

dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behaviour every where. 72

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald under for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew? 81

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him. 90

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the divell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, unlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition,¹ depending on the Caskets. ¹ command 101

73. *other:* Scottish-QQ.

85. *and:* ad-CAPELL.

95. *I will:* I'll (ile)-1Q.

Por. If I live to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana*: unlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of *Mountferrat*? 111

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. [How now, what newes?]

Enter a Servingman.

119

Ser. The foure Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a divell, I had rather hee should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt. 130

106. *wish them*: pray God grant them—QQ.

112. *so was hee*: he was so—1Q.

118. bracketed words—QQ.

120. *seeke you*: seek for you—QQ.

124. *good*: good a—1Q.

128-30. new ll. at Come, Whiles—KNIGHT. 129. *gate*: gates—1Q.

[Scene iii. *Venice. A public place.*]

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Jew.

Sby. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Sby. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you,

Anthonio shall be bound.

Sby. *Anthonio* shall be come bound, well.

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer.

Sby. Three thousand ducats for three months, 10
and *Anthonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Sby. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Sby. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover upon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeves, and land theeves, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

5-11. prose-POPE.

16. *Ho no:* Oh, no-KNIGHT.

17-18. *suffient:* sufficient-QQ. 2-4F.

20. *Ryalta:* Rialto(Ryalto)-2-3F.

Jew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Anthonio*? 31

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the divell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the *Ryalta*, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio*. 40

Jew. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of usance here with us in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift, 50
Which he cals interest: Cursed be my Trybe
If I forgive him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months

38. *Ryalta*: *Rialto* (*Ryalto*)—Qq. 2-4F. 50. *worne*: *won*—1Q.

Doe you desire? [*To Ant.*] Rest you faire good signior, | 60

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giving of excesse,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

He breake a custome: is he yet possesst

How much he would?

Sby. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Sby. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. 69

Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,

Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow

Upon advantage.

Ant. I doe never use it.

Sby. When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Labans* sheepe,

This *Jacob* from our holy *Abram* was

(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)

The third possesser; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Sby. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did, 80

When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd

That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied

Should fall as *Jacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,

In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was

Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilfull shepherd pil'd me certaine wands,

And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,

He stucke them up before the fulsome Ewes,

62. *albeit*: although-1Q.

66. *be*: ye-2Q.

71. *Me thoughts*: Methought-1Q.

84. *In end*: In the end-STEEVENS.

87. *pil'd*: peel'd-POPE.

Who then conceaving, did in eaning time 90
 Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs*.
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
 And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir that *Jacob* serv'd for,
 A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven,
 Was this inserted to make interrest good?
 Or is your gold and silver Ewes and Rams?

Sby. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
 But note me signior. 100

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
 The divell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
 And evill soule producing holy witnesse,
 Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
 O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Sby. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Sbylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Sby. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft 110
 In the Ryalto you have rated me
 About my monies and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 (For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
 You call me misbeleever, cut-throate dog,
 And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine owne.
 Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
 Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Sbylocke, we would have moneyes, you say so: 120
 You that did voide your rume upon my beard,

And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
 Over your threshold, moneyes is your suite.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,
 Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
 With bated breath, and whispering humblenesse,
 Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time 130
 You cald me dog: and for these curtesies
 Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
 To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
 A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy,
 Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
 Exact the penalties. 140

Sby. Why looke you how you storme,
 I would be friends with you, and have your love,
 Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
 Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
 Of usance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
 This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Sby. This kindnesse will I shewe,
 Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
 Your single bond, and in a merrie sport 150
 If you repaie me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are
 Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite

126. should: can-QQ. 129. Say this: sep. l.-STEEVENS, 1793.

137. breede of: breed for-QQ. 140. penalties: penalty-QQ.

Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie, 160

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Sby. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, 170
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my love I praie you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale unto this bond.

Sby. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats strait.
See to my house left in the fearefull gard 180
Of an unthrifte knave: and presentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee gentle *Jew*. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde.

156. *it pleaseth: it out-QQ.*

183. *This: The-QQ.*

iii. 15

182. *Ile: I will-2THEOBALD.*

183-4. new l. at The-3Q.

Bass. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Exennt.

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or
foure followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerrissa, and their traine.*

Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liverie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phæbus* fire scarce thawes the ysicles, 10
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not solie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie 20
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe

185. *teames: terms*—Qq. 2-4F.

188. *Exennt: Exeunt*—Qq. 2-4F.

His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commmer I have look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare 30
That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,
I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke:
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lycas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand: 40
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving.

Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner 51
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me blest or curs'd'st among men. *Exeunt.*

33. ore-stare: outstare-1Q. 37. the Ladie: thee, lady-2Rowx.

41. rage: page-THEOBALD.

[Scene ii. *Venice. A street.*]*Enter the Clowne [Launcelot] alone.*

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Jobbe, Launcelet Jobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Jobbe*, or good *Launcelet Jobbe*, use your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Jobbe*, or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Jobbe*, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge saies the siend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Jew* my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Jew* I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the *Jew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the *Jew*; the fiend gives the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

4, etc. *Jobbe*: Gobbo-1Q.18. *siend*: fiend-QQ. 2-4F.25. *is a*: is but a-QQ.10. *fia*: via-Rowz.24. *incarnation*: incarnal-1Q.28. *commandement*: command-1Q.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket. 30

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister *Jewes*?

Lan. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high gravel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister *Jewes*.

Laun. Turne upon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Jewes* house. 41

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*, [*Aside*] marke | me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong | Maister *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live. 50

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your maistership.

Lan. *Ergo* Maister *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven. 61

42. *Be Gods: By God's*-4F.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a hovell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule alive or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father. 69

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, give me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's have no more fooling about it, but give mee your blessing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be. 82

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Jewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbins my philhorse has on his taile. 91

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I lost saw him.

75-6 in the end: at the length-1Q.

94. lost: last-1Q.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now? 97

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set up my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Maister's a verie *Jew*, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell everie finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede gives rare new Livories, if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* anie longer. 107

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging. 113

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Jewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specific.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve. 121

Lan. Indeeede the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew*, and have a desire as my Father shall specific.

Gob. His Maister and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

112. *anone: anon-1Q.*

Lan. To be brieft, the verie truth is, that the *Jew* having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suite is. 130

Lan. In verie brieft, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Sbylocke* thy Maister spoke with me this daie, And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment 140
To leave a rich *Jewes* service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old proverbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Sbylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, give him a Liverie 148
More garded¹ then his fellowes: see it done. ¹ *trimmed*

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* have a fairer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fiftene wives is nothing, a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge

155. a leven: eleven-1Q.

of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leave of the *Jew* in the twinkling. 160

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein. *Exit. Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

170

Bas. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I have a sute to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults; 179
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall,¹ pray thee take paine 1 loose
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaviour
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Bassanio*, heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,

160. *twinkling*: twinkling of an eye—1Q.

180. *they are*: thou art—QQ.

184. *misconsterd*: misconstrued—Rowe.

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,
 Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
 Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes 190
 Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
 Use all the observance of civillitie
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
 By what we doe to night.

Bas. No that were pittie,
 I would intreate you rather to put on
 Your boldest suite of mirth, for we have friends 200
 That purpose merriment: but far you well,
 I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
 But we will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The same. A room in Shylock's house.*]

Enter Jessica and the Clowne [Launcelot].

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
 Our house is hell, and thou a merrie divell
 Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
 But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
 And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest,
 Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
 And so farwell: I would not have my Father
 See me talke with thee. 10

Clo. Aduce, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull

10. *me talke: me in talk—Qq.*

Pagan, most sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue.

Exit.

Jes. Farewell good *Lancelet*.

Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*, 20
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *The same. A street.*]

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres
To furnish us; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Laucelet with a Lettcr. 10

Lan. And it shall please you to breake up this, shall it seeme to signifie.

12. *doe*: did-3-4F.

14. *somewbat*: something-QQ.

1. *Slarino*: Salarino-2-4F.

3. new l. at All-CAPELL.

8. *of clock*: o'clock (a'clock-1Q. 3-4F.)-CAPELL.

10. *Laucelet*: Launcelot-2-4F.

11. *And*: An-THEOBALD.

11-12. *shall it seeme*: it shall seem-QQ. 2-4F.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Love newes in faith.

Lan. By your leave sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Jew* to sup
to night with my new Master the Christian. 20

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will not faile her, speake it privately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,

I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit. Clowne.*

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so. *Exit.* 30

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Jessica*?

Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:
If ere the *Jew* her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Unlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse *Jew*: 40
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

15. I: 18-QQ.

28-9. new l. at At-CAPELL.

23-4. new l. at Will-COLLIER.

[Scene v. *The same. Before Shylock's house.*]

Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Jew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Jessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what *Jessica*?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Jessica* I say.

Clo. Why *Jessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me 10
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Jessica*,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatttr me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede upon
The prodigall Christian. *Jessica* my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill a bruining towards my rest, 20
For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. And they have conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

2. shall: shalt-1Q.

10. tell me: tell me that-1Q.

10-11. prose-1Q. 16. flatttr: flatter-QQ. 2-4F. 22-3. prose-1Q.

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ashwensday was foure yeere in th'afternoone. 29

Sby. What are their maskes? heare you me *Jessica*,
Lock up my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra, 40
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before sir.
Mistris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Sby. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Jes. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.

Sby. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaille-slow in profit, but he sleepes by day 50
More then the wilde-cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Jessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,

A proverbe never stale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*

Jes. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.* 60

30. *their*: there-2Q.

42-3. prose-COLLIER.

49. *but*: and-QQ.

56-7. new l. at Fast bind-1Q.

[Scene vi. *The same.*]

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo* Desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is mervaile he out-dwels his houre,
For lovers ever run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye
To steale loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith unforfaited.

Gra. That ever holds, who riseth from a feast 10
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His tedious measures with the unbated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed¹ barke puts from her native bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne ¹*flag-adorned*
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes, 20
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,

3. *make a stand*: *make stand*-QQ.

8. *steale*: *seal*-QQ.

16. *yonger*: *younker*-Rowe.

18. *Hudg'd*: *Hugged*-QQ. 2-4F.

19. *like a*: *like the*-QQ.

20. *over-wither'd*: *over-weather'd*-3Q.

Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
 When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
 Ile watch as long for you then: approach
 Here dwels my father Jew. Hoa, who's within? 30

Jessica above [in boy's clothes].

Jess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
 Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Love.

Jes. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my love indeed,
 For who love I so much? and now who knowes
 But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou
 art.

Jes. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
 I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, 41
 For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
 But love is blinde, and lovers cannot see
 The pretty follies that themselves commit,
 For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
 To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
 They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
 Why, 'tis an office of discovery Love, 50
 And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
 Even in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
 For the close night doth play the run-away,
 And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
 With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

52. *you are:* are you—Qq.

53. new l. at But—Pope.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I love her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can judge of her, 60
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Jessica [below].

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us stay.

Exit [with Jessica and Salarino].

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there? 70

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Ant. Fic, fic, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be under saile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vii. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

58. *gentle: Gentile-1Q.2-4F.*

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
 Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
 The second silver, which this promise carries,
 Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
 Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 How shall I know if I doe choose the right? 11
 How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
 If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
 I will survey the inscriptions, backe againe:
 What saies this leaden casket?
 Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 Must give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
 This casket threatens men that hazard all 20
 Doe it in hope of faire advantages:
 A golden minde stoopes not to shoves of drosse,
 Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
 What saies the Silver with her virgin hue?
 Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
 As much as he deserves; pause there *Morocho*,
 And weigh thy value with an even hand,
 If thou beest rated by thy estimation
 Thou doost deserve enough, and yet enough
 May not extend so farre as to the Ladie: 30
 And yet to be afcared of my deserving,
 Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
 As much as I deserve, why that's the Lady.
 I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding:

6. *what men*: what many men—Qq. 12. repeated l. out—Qq. 3-4F.
 20. *threatens men*: threatens. Men—Rowe.

But more then these, in love I doe deserve.
 What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.
 Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
 Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her: 40
 From the foure corners of the earth they come
 To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
 The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
 The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
 Spets in the face of heaven, is no barre
 To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
 As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
 One of these three containes her heavenly picture. 50
 Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
 To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
 To rib¹ her searecloath in the obscure grave: ¹ *encase*
 Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd
 Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
 O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jem
 Was set in worse then gold! They have in England
 A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
 Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
 But here an Angell in a golden bed 60
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
 Here doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
 Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
 Ile reade the writing.

65-7. 3 ll. ending here, eye, writing—CAPELL.

✓ *All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you beard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold* 70
*But my out side to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Yong in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answere had not beene inscrolde,
Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,*

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. *Exit.* 80
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

[Scene viii. Venice. A street.]

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* under sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villaine *Jew* with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was undersaile;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a Gondilo were seene together 10
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

72. timber: tombs—CAPELL.

8. comes: came—QQ.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confusd,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dogge *Jew* did utter in the streets;
 My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
 Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!
 Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, 20
 Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
 Stolne by my daughter: justice, finde the girle,
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
 Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
 Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday, 30
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The French and English, there miscaried
 A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
 I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
 And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. Yo were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
 Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
 I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede 40
 Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
 Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
 But stay the very riping of the time,
 And for the *Jewes* bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your minde of love:

Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such faire ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there;
 And even there his eye being big with teares,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him, 50
 And with affection wondrous sencible
 He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
 I pray thee let us goe and finde him out
 And quicken his embraced heavinesse
 With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

[Scene ix. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

Enter Nerrissa and a Serviture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
 The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
 And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
 If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
 Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
 But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord, 10
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoynd by oath to observe three things;
 First, never to unfold to any one
 Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
 Of the right casket, never in my life
 To wooe a maide in way of marriage:

9. *rights: rites—POPE.*

Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe. 20

Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I give or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet 30
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualtie.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable 40
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignitie:

O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned

17. *Lastly*: separate l.—CAMBRIDGE.

48. *pleasantry*: peasantry—QQ.

From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
 Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times, 50
 To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
 Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
 I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlocke my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
 Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
 How much unlike art thou to *Portia*?
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
 Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more then a fooles head, 61
 Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
 And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fier seaven times tried this,
 Seaven times tried that judement is,
 That did never choose amis,
 Some there be that shadowes kisse,
 Such have but a shadowes blisse: 70
 There be fooles alive I wis
 Silver'd o're, and so was this:
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your bead:
 So be gone, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
 By the time I linger here,
 With one fooles head I came to woo,

But I goe away with two.

Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,

80

Patiently to beare my wroath.¹

¹ *cross*

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:

O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,

They have the wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,

Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

90

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A yong Venetian, one that comes before

To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;² ² *greetings*

To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)

Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seene

So likely an Ambassador of love.

A day in Aprill never came so sweete

To show how costly Sommer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

100

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard

Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:

Come, come *Nerryssa*, for I long to see

Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. *Bassanio* Lord, love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

102. *anone*: anon—1Q.

106. *Lord, love*: lord Love—THEOBALD.

Actus Tertius.[Scene i. *Venice. A street.*]*Enter Solanio and Salarino.**Sol.* Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word. 9

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt¹ Ginger, or made her neighbours beleieve she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; ô that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop. ¹ snapped

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses. 19

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the divell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the iikenes of a *Jew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

8. gossips report: gossip Report-QQ.

21. iikenes: likeness-QQ.2-4F.

Sol. And *Sbylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leave the dam. 30

Sby. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the divell may be her Judge.

Sby. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Sby. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Jet and Ivorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell us, doe you heare whether *Antbonio* have had anie losse at sea or no? 40

Sby. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was usd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for? 48

Sby. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a *Jewe*: Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke us doe we not

53. *what's the*: what's his—Qq.

59. *Sommer*: summer—Qq. 2-4F.

bleede? if you tickle us, doe we not laugh? if you poison us doe we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility, revenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why revenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

[*Serv.*] Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and | desires to speake with you both. 70

Sal. We have beene up and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the divell himselve turne *Jew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Sby. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? hast | thou found my daughter?

Tnb. I often came where I did heare of ster, but cannot finde her. 79

Sby. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in *Franckford*, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:

78. *ster:* her—*Qq.* 2-4F.

78, 108. *Tnb:* *Tub*—*Qq.* 2-4F.

87. *how much is:* what's—*Qq.*

why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding. 92

Tub. Yes, other men have ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Sby. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Triopolis.

Sby. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke. 100

Sby. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Sby. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came divers of *Antonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but breake. 110

Sby. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Sby. Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leab* when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone. 118

91. a my .. but a my: on my .. but of my-1Q.

92. a my: of my-1Q.

102. ba, here: ha! where?-Rowx.

103. beard, one: heard, in one-1Q.

Sby. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tnball*, fee me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
 Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
 I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,
 There's something tels me (but it is not love)
 I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
 Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
 But least you should not understand me well,
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
 I would detaine you here some month or two 10
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
 So will I never be, so may you misse me,
 But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
 That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
 They have ore-lookt me and devided me,
 One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
 Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
 And so all yours; O these naughtie times
 Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights. 20

119. *Tnball*: *Tuball*-QQ. 2-4F.

122. *I will*: *goe*: I will. Go, go (I will go: go)-1Q.

12. *then I am*: I am then-1Q.

18. *of*: *if*-QQ.

20. *Puts*: *Put*-2-3F.

And so though yours, not yours (prove it so)
 Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
 I speake too long, but 'tis to peize¹ the time, ^{1 poise}
 To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
 For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugle treason of mistrust. ³⁰
 Which makes me feare the enjoying of my love:
 There may as well be amitie and life,
 'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love:

Por. I, but I feare you speake upon the racke,
 Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Bass. Confesse and love
 Had beene the verie sum of my confession:
 O happie torment, when my torturer ⁴⁰
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
 If you doe love me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloose,
 Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
 Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
 Fading in musique. That the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
 And watric death-bed for him: he may win, ⁵⁰
 And what is musique than? Than musique is
 Even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe

24. *ieb*: eke (eck-1Q.)-JOHNSON.

35. *dotb*: do (doe)-Qq.

45. *aloose*: aloof-Qq. 2-4F.

To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
 As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
 That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes care,
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
 With no lesse presence, but with much more love
 Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
 The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
 To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice, 60
 The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wives:
 With bleared visages come forth to view
 The issue of th'exploit: Goe *Hercules*,
 Live thou, I live with much more dismay
 I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
 Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head: 70
 How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.
 It is engendred in the eyes,
 With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
 In the cradle where it lies:
 Let us all ring Fancies knell.
 Ile begin it.
 Ding, dong, bell.
 All. Ding, dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. 80

64. *live with*: *live*: *with*—2Rowe.

64. *much more*: *much much more*—2Q.2-3F.

76-7. 1 l.—JOHNSON.

In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evill? In Religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will blesse it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grosenesse with faire ornament:
 There is no voice so simple, but assumes
 Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
 How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stayers of sand, weare yet upon their chins 90
 The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
 Who inward searcht, have lyvers white as milke,
 And these assume but valors excrement,
 To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
 And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
 Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that weare most of it:
 So are those crisped snakie golden locks
 Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
 Upon supposed fairenesse, often knowne 100
 To be the dowrie of a second head,
 The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
 Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
 Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
 'Twene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
 Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought, 111

87. voice: vice-2-4F.

90. stayers: stairs-4F.

99. makes: make-Popz.

107. Therefore then thou: Therefore thou-1Q.

Thy palenesse moves me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed jealousy.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy joy, scant this excesse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

120

Bas. What finde I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come so neere creation? move these eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies, 130
How could he see to doe them? having made one,
Me thinkes it should have power to steale both his
And leave it selfe unfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

*You that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and chouse as true:
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.*

140

117. *O love*: separate l.—GLOBE.

118. *raine*: rein (reine)—3Q.

*If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kisse.*

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applause and universall shout, 150
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Untill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see my Lord *Bassiano* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you, 160
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an unlessoned girle, unschooll'd, unpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit 170
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Governour, her King.

156. *my*: me-QQ.162. *More rich*: separate l.—MALONE.165. *nothing*: something-QQ.

My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
 Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
 Of this faire mansion, master of my servants,
 Queene ore my selfe: and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
 Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
 Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruine of your love, 180
 And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Maddam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As after some oration fairely spoke
 By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
 Where every something being blent together,
 Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy
 Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring 190
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
 O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
 That have stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
 To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
 For I am sure you can wish none from me:
 And when your Honours meane to solemnize
 The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you 200
 Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you gave got me one.
 My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:

203. *gave*: have—Qq.2-4F.

You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
 You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission,
 No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
 For wooing heere untill I swet againe, 210
 And swearing till my very rough was dry
 With oathes of love, at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this faire one heere
 To have her love: provided that your fortune
 Atchiev'd her mistresse.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage. 221

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bas. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether, 230
 If that the youth of my new interest heere
 Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
 I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
 Sweet *Portia* welcome.

208. *caskets*: casket-1Q.

217. *is so, so: is, so-QQ.*

211. *rough*: roof-1Q.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along.

240

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, unlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, unlesse in minde: his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice? 251
How doth that royal Merchant good *Anthonio*;
I know he wil be glad of our successe,
We are the *Jasons*, we have won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath
lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassianos* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world 260
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

235. new l. at They-CAPELL.

250, 257. yond: yon-1Q.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle *Ladie*
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had 270
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere *Ladie*,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter *Ladie*,
The paper as the bodie of my friend, 280
And everie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,
Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew, 290
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He pyles the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
283. *Hatb:* HAVE—ROWE.

But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. 300

Jessi. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Cbus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and unwearied spirit 310
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appears
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description 320
Shall lose a haire through *Bassano's* fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portias* side
With an unquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will live as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere, 330
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to goe away, 340
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt us twaine. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *Venice. A street.*]

*Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Anthonio,
and the Jaylor.*

Jew. Jaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Jaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Sbylok*.

Jew. Ile have my bond, speake not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs, 10
The Duke shall grant me justice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Jew. Ile have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile have my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,

336. *might see:* might but see—QQ.
4. *lends:* lent—QQ.

343. *Nor:* No—1Q.

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
 To Christian intercessors: follow not,
 Ile have no speaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Jew.*

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre 21
 That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
 Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
 He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made mone to me,
 Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will never grant
 this forfeiture to hold. 30

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
 For the commoditie that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 Will much impeach the justice of the State,
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
 These greefes and losses have so bated mee,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
 Well Jaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come 40
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*]

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a man of
 Portias [Balthasar].*

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly

29-30. new l. at Will-Pope. 34. *the State*: his state-1Q.

In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
 But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
 How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
 How deere a lover of my Lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the worke 10
 Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
 Nor shall not now: for in companions
 That do converse and waste the timetogether,
 Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lynniments, of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me thinke that this *Anthony*
 Being the bosome lover of my Lord,
 Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so, 20
 How little is the cost I have bestowed
 In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
 From out the state of hellish cruelty,
 This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
 Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
 The husbandry and mannage of my house,
 Untill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
 I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
 To live in prayer and contemplation, 30
 Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
 Untill her husband and my Lords returne:
 There is a monastery too miles off,
 And there we will abide. I doe desire you
 Not to denie this imposition,
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now layes upon you.

15. *egal*: equal-1Q.25. *heere*: hear-THEOBALD.23. *cruelty*: misery-1Q.34. *we will*: will we-1Q.

Lorens. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde, 40
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Jessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell *Jessica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser*, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the indeavor of a man, 50
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerrissa*, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of us? 61

Nerrissa. Shall they see us?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,

43. *So far you well:* And so farewell-1Q.

48. new l. at As-POPE.

51. *Mantua:* Padua-THEOBALD.

With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps 70
 Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
 Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
 How honourable Ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
 I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
 And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
 And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,
 That men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
 Above a twelve moneth: I have within my minde
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks, 80
 Which I will practise.

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fic, what a questions that?

If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
 But come, Ile tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stayes for us
 At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *The same. A garden.*]

Enter Clowne [Launcelot] and Jessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that I pray thee? 9

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

84. *nere:* near-Rowe.

3-4. *promise you:* promise ye-1Q.

Jes. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Jes. I shall be sav'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian. 19

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel live one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow jealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners? 29

Jes. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth, than you can the getting up of the Negroes belie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeed more then I tooke her for. 41

Loren. How everie foole can play upon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into si-

lence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they have all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to sir, onely cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than sir? 50

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee covered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall governe. *Exit Clowne.* 60

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Jessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassiano*'s wife?

Jessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life 70
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reason he shonld never come to heaven?
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

52. quarrelling: quarrelling-QQ.2-4F.

73-4. it, it Is: it, then In-1Q.

74. shonld: should-QQ.2-4F.

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
 And *Portia* one: there must be something else
 Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
 Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband 80
 Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let us goe to dinner?

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serve for table talke,
 Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things,
 I shall digest it?

Jessi. Well, Ile set you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *Venice. A court of justice.*]

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio,
 and Gratiano [Salerio and others].*

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
 A stonie adversary, an inhumane wretch,
 Uncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
 From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I have heard 10
 Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
 His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
 And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
 Out of his envies reach, I do oppose
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd

86. *bow som ere: howsoe'er-1Q.*

To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and cal the Jew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

20

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face,
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and love: 30
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses
That have of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborne Turkes and Tarters never traind
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Jew? 39

Jew. I have possest your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive

30. *humane:* human-Rowe.

36. *flints:* flint-1Q.

Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
 But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducates 50
 To have it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping Pigge:
 Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
 And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
 Cannot containe their Urine for affection.
 Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
 Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
 As there is no firme reason to be rendred
 Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
 Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat? 60
 Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
 Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend himselfe being offended:
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
 More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
 I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
 A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the currant of thy cruelty. 69
Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not love?
Jew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Everie offence is not a hate at first.
Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee
 twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,

48. *answered*: answer'd—QQ. 2-4F.

55-6. *affection*. *Masters*: affection, Mistress—CAPELL.

63. *offend himselfe*: offend, himself—1Q. 70. *answer*: answers—3Q.

And bid the maine flood baite his usuall height,
 Or even as well use question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe: 80
 You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
 To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
 His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
 Make no more offers, use no farther meanes,
 But with all briefe and plaine conveniencie
 Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heereis six. 90

Jew. If everie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates
 Were in sixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
 I would not draw them, I would have my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
 You have among you many a purchast slave,
 Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marrie them to your heires? 100
 Why sweate they under burthens? Let their beds
 Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
 Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer
 The slaves are ours. So do I answer you.
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him
 Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me; fie upon your Law,
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
 I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it? 109

80. *Why he hath made* prefixed-3Q. 83. *fretted:* fretten-QQ.

85. *what:* what's-QQ.

Du. Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
 Unlesse *Bellarion* a learned Doctor,
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere staves without
 A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
 New come from Padua.

Du. Bring us the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Bass. Good cheere *Antonion*. What man, corage yet:
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
 Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood. 120

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
 Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
 You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
 Then to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa [dressed like a lawyer's clerk].

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellarion*?

Ner. From both.

My Lord *Bellarion* greets your Grace. 129
 [*Presenting a letter.*]

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Jew
 Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
 No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenness
 Of thy sharpe envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Jew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd:

128-9. 1 l.-Qq. *both.* My Lord: both, my lord-1Q.

132. *soale .. soule: sole .. soul*-HAMMER.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith;
 To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*, 140
 That soules of Animals infuse themselves
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
 Even from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
 And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed iamb,
 Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
 Are Wolvish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.

Jew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond
 Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
 Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall 150
 To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.

Dn. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
 A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
 Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
 To know your answer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
 Go give him curteous conduct to this place, 158
 Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

*Your Grace shall understand, that at the receite of
 your Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your
 messenger came, in loving visitation, was with me
 a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I
 acquainted him with the cause in Controversie, be-
 tweene the Jew and Anthonio the Merchant: We
 turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furnished with
 my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning,
 the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes
 with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request*

151. endlesse: cureless-QQ.

152. Dn.: Du.-QQ.2-4F.

153. in: to-QQ.

163. acquainted; acquainted-QQ.2-4F.

*in | my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no
impediment | to let him lacke a reverend estimation: for
I never knewe so | yong a body, with so old a head.
I leave him to your gracious | acceptance, whose trial
shall better publish his commendation. |* 172

*Enter Portia for Balthazar [dressed like a doctor
of laws].*

Duke. You heere the learn'd *Bellarion* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand: Came you from old *Bellarion*?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court. 180

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause.

Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Jew?

Du. *Antonio* and old *Sbylocke*, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name *Sbylocke*?

Jew. *Sbylocke* is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes. 190

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,

176. *Came: Come—Qq.*

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
 The throned Monarch better then his Crowne. 200
 His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
 The attribute to awe and Majestie,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
 It is an attribute to God himselfe;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
 When mercie seasons Justice. Therefore Jew,
 Though Justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That in the course of Justice, none of us 210
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercie,
 And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much
 To mittigate the justice of thy plea:
 Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
 Must needes give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Sby. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
 The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
 Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice, 221
 I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appeare
 That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
 Wrest once the Law to your authority.
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curbe this cruell divell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established: 230

215. CONFUSIO: COURT-QQ.

'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

Jew. Heere 'tis most reverend Doctor, heere it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

Sby. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjurie upon my soule? 240
No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge:
you know the Law, your exposition 249
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceede to judgement: By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Jew. O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law 260
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond.

231. *President*: precedent-QQ.

235. *do I*: I do-QQ.

247. *tenure*: tenour-IQ.

Jew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the
flesh? 270

Jew. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some Surgeon *Sbylock* on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charitie.

Jew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well. 280

Greeve not that I am falne to this for you:

For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome. It is still her use

To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty. From which lingring penance

Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:

Commend me to your honourable Wife,

Tell her the processe of *Anthonio's* end:

Say how I lov'd you; speake me faire in death: 290

And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love:

Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,

269-71. 2 ll. ending weigh, ready-CAPELL. 273. should: do-QQ.

274. It is not: Is it so-QQ.

278. Come: You-QQ.

287. such: such-QQ. 2-4F.

293. not you: but you-QQ.

And he repents not that he payes your debt.
 For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,
 Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bas. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
 Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
 But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
 Are not with me esteem'd above thy life. 300
 I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
 Heere to this devill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that
 If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love,
 I would she were in heaven, so she could
 Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Jew. These be the Christian husbands: I have a
 daughter | 310

Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
 Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.
 We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,
 The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
 The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Jew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else, 320
 This bond doth give thee heere no jot of bloud,
 The words expresly are a pound of flesh:
 Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

296. *instantly*: presently—1Q.

301. *I sacrifice*: ay, sacrifice—POPZ.

323. *Then take*: Take then—QQ.

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
 One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
 Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
 Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright Judge,
 Marke Jew, ô learned Judge.

Sby. Is that the law?

330

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
 For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
 Thou shalt have justice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge, mark Jew, a learned Judge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
 And let the Christian goe.

Bass. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft, no haste,
 He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge. 340

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
 Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more
 But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
 Or lesse then a just pound, be it so much
 As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
 Or the deviation of the twentieth part
 Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
 But in the estimation of a hayre,
 Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Jew, 350
 Now infidell I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Sby. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, heere it is.

328-9. 1 l.—POPE.

343. *tak'st*: cutst—1Q.

351. *tbee*: you—2Q.

338. *Soft*: separate l.—CAPELL.

344. *it so*: it but so—2Q.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meerly justice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Sby. Shall I not have barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Jew. 361

Sby. Why then the Devill give him good of it:
He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contrive, 370
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst. 380
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

361. *taken so: so taken—QQ.*

386. *spirit: spirits—1Q.*

I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Antonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may drive unto a fine. 390

Por. I for the state, not for *Antonio*.

Sby. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Antonio*?

Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake.

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have 400

The other halfe in use, to render it
Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more, that for this favour

He presently become a Christian:

The other, that he doe record a gift

Heere in the Court of all he dies possest

Unto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere. 410

Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?

Sby. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Sby. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt have two godfathers,

418. *thou shalt: shalt thou—Qq.*

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font. *Exit.* 420

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serves you not:

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,

For in my minde, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom beene this day acquitted 430
Of greivous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe, 440
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
[*To Ant.*] Give me your gloves, Ile weare them for your
sake, |

[*To Bass.*] And for your love Ile take this ring from you,

420. *not to the:* not the-1Q.

421. *with me home:* home with me-QQ.

444. *as fee:* as a fee-1Q.2-4F.

Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this? 450

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a minde to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the vawlew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And finde it out by proclamaion,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes 460
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That scuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*

Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him have the ring, 470
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.

Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *Anthoios* house, away, make haste. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthoio*. *Exeunt.*

466. *And if:* An if—CAPELL.

467. *this:* the—IQ.

[Scene ii. *The same. A street.*]

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Bassanio* upon more advice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner. 10

Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you: [*Aside to Por.*]
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for ever.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men; 20
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.*]

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,

And they did make no nnyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
 And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
 Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
 Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe, 10
 And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
 And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
 Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
 Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
 To come againe to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
 That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night 20
 Did *Jessica* steale from the wealthy Jewe,
 And with an Unthrift Love did runne from Venice,
 As farre as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
 Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
 Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
 And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
 Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrow)
 Slander her Love, and he forgave it her. 30

Jessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
 But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger [Stephano].

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

5. nnyse: noyse-1Q.

29. sbrow: shrew-1Q.

11. himselfe: himself-QQ. 2-4F.

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you friend? |

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes 40
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Master yet rnturn'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Jessica*,
And ceremoniously let us us prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne [Launcelot].

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola. 50

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, sola,
sola. |

Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere
morning sweet soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in? 60
My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you

44. *it: is*-1Q. *rnturn'd*: return'd-QQ. 2-4F.

47. *us us*: us-QQ. 2-4F.

58. *sweet soule*: given to Lorenzo-Rowe.

61. *Stephen*, .. *pray*: Stephano, .. I pray-QQ.

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moone-light sleeps upon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
Sit *Jessica*, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst 70
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.

Jessi. I am never merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke. 80

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet 90
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

66. *eares soft*: ears: soft-2-4F. 69. *pattens*: patines-MALONE.

75. *in it*: it in-2Q.

But musicke for time doth change his nature,
 The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections darke as *Erobus*,
 Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa. 100

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
 How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle? |

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
 A substitute shines brightly as a King
 Untill a King be by, and then his state
 Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
 Into the maine of waters: musique, harke. *Musicke.*

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house. 110

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
 Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner: Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
 When neither is attended: and I thinke
 The Nightingale if she should sing by day
 When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
 No better a Musitian then the Wren?
 How many things by season, season'd are
 To their right praise, and true perfection: 120

93. *for time:* for the time—1Q.

98. *Erobus:* Erebus—2-4F.

104. *candle?* candle.—1Q.

Peace, how the Moone sleeps with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We have bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words, 130
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerrissa*,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket¹ sounds. 1 trumpet-flourish

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not. 141

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sickle,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antbonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.*

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heaue husband, 150

121. *bow*: *ho!*—MALONE. 126-7. 2 ll. ending cuckoo, home—2Q.

129. *welfare*: *healths* (health—1Q.)—POPE.

And never be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thanke you Madam, give welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words, 160
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. [*To Ner.*] By yonder Moone I sweare you
do me wrong, |

Infaith I gave it to the Judges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadye, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did give me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife; *Love mee, and leave mee not.* 170

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the vawew:
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have beene respective and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a Woman live to be a man. 180

168, 171. *Poesie*: *posy* (*posie*)-2Q. 173. *the bour*: *your hour*-Qq.

177. *but wel I know*: *no, God's my judge*-Qq.

179. *and*: *an*-PpK.

Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be paine with you,
To part so slightly with your wives first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him sweare 190
Never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You give your wife too unkinde a cause of greefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gre. My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away
Unto the Judge that beg'd it, and indeede 200
Deserv'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I wil nere come in your bed 211
Until I see the Ring.

196. *And:* AN-THEOBALD.199. *Gre.:* Gra.-Qq.2-4F.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,

If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure? 220

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To urge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeeve,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring? 230

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Even he that had held up the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude 240
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would have beg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthie Doctor?

213. new l. at Till-QQ.

236. *bad held up*: did uphold-1Q.

231. *mine*: my-QQ.

242. *And*: For-QQ.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
 Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
 And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
 I will become as liberall as you,
 Ile not deny him any thing I have,
 No, not my body, nor my husbands bed: 250
 Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
 Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
 If you doe not, if I be left alone,
 Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
 Ile have the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well advis'd
 How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
 For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th'unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you, 261
 You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. *Portia*, forgive me this enforced wrong,
 And in the hearing of these manie friends
 I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
 Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
 In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
 In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
 And there's an oath of credit. 270

Bas. Nay, but heare me.
 Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
 I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Antb. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
 Which but for him that had your husbands ring
 Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,

252. *Argos*: *Argus*-2F.

261-2. 1 l.-Qq.

255. *tbe*: *that*-Qq.

274. *thy*: *his*-Qq.

My soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedlie.

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: give him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other. 280

Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven it is the same I gave the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:

What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it. 290

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,

There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,

Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere

Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,

And but ev'n now return'd: I have not yet

Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,

And I have better newes in store for you

Then you expect: unseale this letter soone, 300

There you shall finde three of your Argosies

Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Antbo. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I, but the Clark that never meanes to doe it,
Unlesse he live untill he be a man.

283. *pardon:* pardon me—Qq. 297. *but ev'n:* even but—Qq.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife. 311

An. (Sweet Ladie) you have given me life & living;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There doe I give to you and *Jessica*
From the rich Jewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of. 320

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us goe in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay, 330
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

333. *Till: That-1Q.*

FINIS.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS IN GLOSSARIES

All's Well	All's Well that Ends Well
Ant. & Cleo. . . .	Antony and Cleopatra
As You	As You Like It
Cor.	Coriolanus
Cymb.	Cymbeline
Errors	The Comedy of Errors
Ham.	Hamlet
1 Hen. IV	The First Part of King Henry IV
2 Hen. IV	The Second Part of King Henry IV
Hen. V	The Life of King Henry V
1 Hen. VI	The First Part of King Henry VI
2 Hen. VI	The Second Part of King Henry VI
3 Hen. VI	The Third Part of King Henry VI
Hen. VIII	The Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII
John	The Life and Death of King John
Jul. Cæs.	Julius Cæsar
Lear	King Lear
Lov. Comp.	A Lover's Complaint
Love's Lab.	Love's Labour's Lost
Lucrece	The Rape of Lucrece
Macb.	Macbeth
Meas. for Meas. . . .	Measure for Measure
Mer. of Ven.	The Merchant of Venice
Mer. Wives	The Merry Wives of Windsor
Mids. Night Dr. . . .	A Midsummer Night's Dream
Much Ado	Much Ado about Nothing
Oth.	Othello
Pass. Pilg.	The Passionate Pilgrim
Per.	Pericles
Phœn. & Tur.	The Phœnix and the Turtle
Rich. II	The Tragedy of King Richard II
Rich. III.	The Tragedy of King Richard III
Rom. & Jul.	Romeo and Juliet
Sonn.	Sonnets
Sonn. Mus.	Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music
Tam. of Shr.	The Taming of the Shrew
Temp.	The Tempest
Tim. of Ath.	Timon of Athens
Tit. And.	Titus Andronicus
Tro. & Cres.	Troilus and Cressida
Tw. Night	Twelfth Night
Two Gen. of Ver. . . .	The Two Gentlemen of Verona
Ven. & Ad.	Venus and Adonis
Wint. Tale	The Winter's Tale

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- A*, V. i. 139, frequently used for the more emphatic 'one'; All's Well, I. iii. 245; Ham., V. ii. 227; Cor., III. i. 261; 2 Hen. IV., IV. i. 158.
- A* (*he*), IV. i. 7, V. ii. 14, 761, an abbreviation, 'a' for *he*, due to careless pronunciation; common also in Early English.
- Abate*, V. ii. 601, except; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 460.
- Accompt*, V. ii. 213, used as frequently as 'account' in the Folios.
- Address* (*address'd*), II. i. 89, prepared, ready; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 37; As You, V. iv. 161; Hen. V., III. iii. 60; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 21. V. ii. 98, ready to advance. Compare Tw. Night, I. iv. 16.
- Affect*, I. ii. 83, 160, love; Much Ado, I. i. 286; Mer. Wives, II. i. 103.
- Affection*, V. i. 6, V. ii. 453, affectionation; used only here in this sense, and similarly, Mer. Wives, II. i. 130.
- Affects*, I. i. 162, affections, favored qualities, inclinations; Rich. II, I. iv. 31; Oth., I. iii. 251, 201.
- Affect the letter*, IV. ii. 64, make use of alliteration.
- Affraid* (*afraid*), V. ii. 646, two forms used interchangeably.
- Allestates*, V. ii. 910, all kinds and conditions of people; Rich. III, III. vii. 222; only instances of this sense in Sh.
- All hid*, IV. iii. 80, warning cry in the game of 'hide-and-seek.'
- Alowd* (*allow'd*), V. ii. 531, privileged to jest. Compare Tw. Night, I. v. 92.
- And if*, I. i. 54, if, even if.
- Annothanize*, IV. i. 77, annotate, anatomize; only time used.
- Anticke* (*antique*), V. i. 108, *Antique*, 141, 'antic' and 'antique' were used interchangeably; Macb., IV. i. 152; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 5; Ham., I. v. 188.
- Apathaton* (*epitheton*), I. ii. 14-15, epithet; the suffix '-on' occurs in Latin and Greek.
- Apostraphas* (*apostrophes*), IV. ii. 135. See note, p. 158.
- Argument*, I. ii. 163, proof; Much Ado, II. iii. 223; Tw. Night, III. ii. 12.
- Armado*, pronounced *Ar-máh-dō*. See note, p. 111.
- Armes* (*arms*), V. ii. 766, the weapons worn in the play.
- Arts*, II. i. 49, probably has the force of two syllables, *á-rts*. This lengthening of a vowel followed by 'r' is common.
- As*, II. i. 140; here used in a sense between the relative and conjunction = since, for. Compare Lear, III. iii. 18; 1 Hen. VI, III. iv. 21; Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 66.
- Aske* (*ask*) .. *gone*, II. i. 130-5; these lines are examples of irregular trimeter couplets, which occur frequently in Sh.; II. i. 195-200, 221-5; Meas. for Meas.,

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

- II. ii. 14-15; Oth., III. iii. 33, 35-7; Rich. III, I. ii. 206-15.
As you, II. i. 183, that you; frequent use in Sh.
Atee (*ates*), V. ii. 758, mischief, instigation, from the goddess Ate, who incited to bloodshed.
Attaint, V. ii. 893, attainted: frequently verbs ending in a dental did not add another for the participle.
Audaciously, V. ii. 110, boldly; Lucrece, 1223.
Bailed, V. ii. 700, worried; 2 Hen. VI, V. i. 158. Compare Rich. II, IV. i. 241.
Banded, set, played, V. ii. 30, terms taken from game of tennis; Hen. V, I. ii. 270; Rom. & Jul., II. v. 15.
Base, I. i. 92, mere, worthless; Mer. of Ven., II. ix. 22.
Bate, I. i. 10, blunt. Compare Ham., IV. vii. 123, V. ii. 300.
Being (*before*) *repast*, IV. ii. 170, having dined; *repast* may be an uninflected participle of 'repast,' to feed; Ham., IV. v. 147.
Berowne (*Biron*), pronounced to rhyme with 'moon,' *Ber-roon*, IV. iii. 248; and throughout the Folio preferably accented on second syllable.
Beshrew, V. ii. 48, a mild imprecation; Mer. of Ven., II. vi. 59; used as a verb, Rom. & Jul., V. ii. 28; John, V. iv. 53.
Birdbolt, IV. iii. 24, blunt arrow; Much Ado, I. i. 42; Tw. Night, I. v. 90.
Bold of, II. i. 31, depending upon, confident of.
Boyet, pronounced *Boy-yette*, to rhyme with 'debt,' V. ii. 373.
Breaking, V. ii. 395, in Elizabethan English the adjective was transposed from its place in the adverbial phrase and joined closely to the noun; Oth., V. ii. 6; Macb., V. viii. 11.
Breathed (*breath'd*), V. ii. 722, endowed with breath, wind; Ant. & Cleo., III. xiii. 210; Tam. of Shr., Ind. ii. 50; Tim. of Ath., I. i. 19.
Bring, V. ii. 948, accompany; Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 116; Meas. for Meas., I. i. 70; Hen. V, II. iii. 3.
Brings me out, V. ii. 183, puts out, disconcerts.
Bucke (*buck*) *of the first head*, IV. ii. 11, five-year-old buck.
Bumbast (*bombast*), V. ii. 853, worthless stuffing; 1 Hen. IV, II. iv. 321.
Butshaft (*butt-shaft*), I. ii. 168, an arrow used in shooting at 'butts' or targets; Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 17.
But so, I. i. 237, but so-so.
Byas (*bias*), IV. ii. 123, a curve or weight affecting the swerve in motion; originally, *bias*, French, a term in bowling. Compare Tam. of Shr., IV. v. 29; Rich. II, III. iv. 7; Ham., II. i. 70.
By me, IV. iii. 155, about or concerning me, *by* being used in a sense derived from its original meaning, 'near'; All's Well, V. iii. 274; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 52. V. ii. 704, to me.
By the hornes (*horns*), IV. i. 131, the old joke regarding the horns of the cuckold.
By the wall, V. ii. 993, from the eaves.
By th' weeke (*the week*), V. ii. 65, at my command, in my service, a close prisoner, i.e., in from week to week.
Can, IV. iii. 111, an old spelling of 'gan,' as auxiliary verb merely intensive 'did,' past tense of 'gin'; Per., III. prol. 36.
Cangenet (*canzonet*), IV. ii. 136, sonnet.
Canus, V. ii. 656, Latin *Canis*, dog, put here for the rhyme with *manus*.
Capon, IV. i. 63, love-letter, a frequent use of the word, as in French *poulet* for the same.
Carceere (*career*), V. ii. 535-6, encounter of knights at full gallop; Much Ado, V. i. 148.
Caught ... catcht (*catch'd*), V. ii. 73, the forms are evidently varied

GLOSSARY

- to distinguish adjective from participle; *catcht* is a form frequently used; All's Well, I. iii. 170; Rom. & Jul., IV. v. 90; Cor., I. iii. 66.
- Certes*, IV. ii. 179, certainly; Temp., III. iii. 42; Errors, IV. iv. 83; Oth., I. i. 19.
- Change*, V. ii. 261, exchange.
- Chapmen*, II. i. 19, shopmen, merchants, here = 'sellers,' but 'buyers' in Tro. & Cres., IV. i. 84.
- Charge their breath*, V. ii. 94, make a war of words.
- Charge-house* (*charge-house*), V. i. 79-80, school-house, possibly corruption of Charter-house.
- Chucke* (*chuck*), V. i. 107, V. ii. 732, a term of endearment; Macb., III. ii. 55; Tw. Night, III. iv. 116.
- Citterne* (*cittern*), V. ii. 677, cithern, guitar.
- Cleane* (*clean*) *timber'd*, V. ii. 708, shapely; used only here by Sh.
- Clout* or *clowt*, IV. i. 155, the white mark in the center of the target; 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 49.
- Coat* or *coate* (*quote*), II. i. 262, V. ii. 859, note, mark; Tit. And., IV. i. 56. See also *coted* (*quoted*), IV. iii. 89; John, IV. ii. 232; Tro. & Cres., IV. v. 236; Ham., II. i. 123.
- Cockled*, IV. iii. 357, inclosed in a shell.
- Codpeece* (*codpiece*), III. i. 182, a baggy appendage at the front of the breeches worn during the 16th and 17th centuries, hence sometimes, as here, equivalent to 'man'; Two Gen. of Ver., II. vii. 55, 58.
- Cogg* (*cog*), V. ii. 254, cheat; Rich. III, I. iii. 54; Cor., III. ii. 161.
- Colourable colours*, IV. ii. 165-6, false pretexts; *colours*, Lucrece, 267; Ant. & Cleo., I. iii. 44; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 32.
- Competitors*, II. i. 88, confederates, associates; Tw. Night, IV. ii. 12; Ant. & Cleo., I. iv. 5, II. vii. 83, V. i. 52; Rich. III, IV. iv. 539.
- Compleat* (*complete*), I. ii. 42, III. i. 13, accomplished; Henry VIII, I. ii. 142.
- Compleate* (*complete*), I. i. 146, here pronounced *com-plete*.
- Complements*, I. i. 179, III. i. 23, accomplishments.
- Complexion*, I. ii. 77, disposition, temperament, with double meaning of 'color'; Ham., I. iv. [12].
- Conceits* (*conceit's*) *expositor*, II. i. 76, exponent of his fancy; Rich. II, II. ii. 35; As You, V. ii. 56.
- Concolinel*, III. i. 6, beginning or refrain of a song.
- Consent*, V. ii. 513, conspiracy.
- Contempts*, I. i. 201, Costard's blunder for 'contents.'
- Continent*, IV. i. 124, that which contains, hence summary; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 96; Ham., V. ii. [6]; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 137.
- Converse of breath*, V. ii. 807, conversation; here pronounced *con-verse*; Oth., III. i. 41.
- Convince*, V. ii. 818, conquer; Macb., I. vii. 75, IV. iii. 161.
- Cormorant*, I. i. 8, ravenous.
- Coursing*, IV. iii. 3, chasing, pursuing.
- Crabs*, V. ii. 1006, crabapples, put into the wassail-bowl; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 48.
- Crake* (*crack*), IV. iii. 285, boast.
- Crest*, IV. iii. 273, badge.
- Criticke* (*critic*), III. i. 173, carper; only sense in Sh.; Sonn. 112, 10; Tro. & Cres., V. ii. 155.
- Critticke* (*critic*), IV. iii. 175, cynic; used only here as adjective.
- Cupplement* (*couplement*), V. ii. 590, couple.
- Curst*, IV. i. 40, shrewish; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 314, 467; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 185 and *passim*; Ven. & Ad., 987; Much Ado, II. i. 21; Lear, II. i. 77.
- Curtisie* (*courtesy*), I. ii. 58, curtsy; used for men as well as women; Much Ado, II. i. 50, 52, IV. i. 326.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

- Day-woman*, I. ii. 125, dairy-woman: used only here in Sh. See note, p. 134.
- Dazzling*, I. i. 87, being dazzled. *Dazzle* occurs in same passive sense in 3 Hen. VI, II. i. 27; Tit. And., III. ii. 89.
- Deare (deer)*, IV. i. 130; this play on *dear* and *deer* was frequent; Ven. & Ad., 231; Pass. Pilg., 300; Mer. Wives, V. v. 21, 124; Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 57; 1 Hen. IV., V. iv. 117. V. ii. 865, 939, merely an intensive use of *dear*; John, I. i. 270; Hen. V., II. ii. 184.
- Dearest*, II. i. 4, best, highest.
- Debate*, I. i. 184, contest, quarrel, as always in Sh.; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 120; 2 Hen. IV., IV. iv. 4.
- Deepe oaths (deep oaths)*, I. i. 27. For this use of *deep* compare Sonn. 152, 9; Lucrece, 1847; John, III. i. 243 (adverb).
- Depart*, II. i. 154, parted from; John, II. i. 594.
- Digression*, I. ii. 110, swerving from the direct way, trespass, transgression; Lucrece, 202; digressing, Rich. II., V. iii. 71.
- Dig-you-den*, IV. i. 47, give you good even. Compare Rom. & Jul., I. ii. 59, 60; Cor., II. i. 94, IV. vi. 25-6.
- Disgrace*, I. i. 7, disfigurement.
- Disposde (dispos'd)*, II. i. 266, V. ii. 519, inclined to merriment; Tw. Night, II. iii. 82. See note, p. 145.
- Doe the deede (do the deed)*, III. i. 196, beget; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 88.
- Drie (dry) beaten*, V. ii. 294, cudgelled, thrashed out; used figuratively for wit combats; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 81, IV. v. 164. Compare Errors, II. ii. 64.
- Easily (easily)*, V. ii. 202, the Folio reading shows the pronunciation, 'i' being frequently elided; Ven. & Ad., 627. Compare 'amity' in Mer. of Ven., III. iv. 5.
- Edict*, I. i. 15, pronounced *e-dict*; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 161.
- Erewhile*, IV. i. 107, just now; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 286; As You, II. iv. 94.
- Excrement*, V. i. 100, beard, hair, as in Errors, II. ii. 79; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 93.
- Excuse*, II. i. 185, the subjunctive is here, as often, used imperatively. Compare Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 147, IV. viii. 3; Lucrece, 1254; Ham., V. ii. 403.
- Extemporall (extemporal)*, I. ii. 175, unpremeditated, from Latin *ex tempore*.
- Extreme parts*, V. ii. 812, smallest portions; here pronounced *ex-treme*. Compare I. 860.
- Eyne*, V. ii. 219, old plural of 'eye'; Lucrece, 1229; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 256.
- Fadge*, V. i. 141, suit, turn out well; Tw. Night, II. ii. 35.
- Faire (fair)*, IV. i. 21; used as a noun also in Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 192-3; Ven. & Ad., 1083, 1086.
- Faire befall, fall*, II. i. 131, 132. Compare Rich. III., I. iii. 296; John, I. i. 86.
- Fairings*, V. ii. 3, presents, originally applied to articles bought at a fair; used only here by Sh.
- Familiar*, I. ii. 164-5, demon, evil spirit; 1 Hen. VI., III. 148; 2 Hen. VI., IV. vii. 108.
- Farther (fair) harbour*, II. i. 184; *farther* is often pronounced as one syllable, like 'whether,' 'other,' etc.
- Fast and loose*, I. ii. 150, III. i. 99, a cheating game; John, III. i. 254. S. note, p. 135.
- Fasting*, IV. iii. 127, longing, hungry.
- Favour*, V. ii. 35, in its double meaning of 'face' and 'love-token' or 'gift.'
- Favour*, etc., III. i. 69, by your leave, or pardon me, sweet sky, for sighing in thy face.
- Feele onely looking*, II. i. 257, as if sense of feeling were absorbed in sight.
- Festinatly (festinately)*, III. i. 8-9, hastily, quickly, from Latin *festinate*.

GLOSSARY

- Fierce*, V. ii. 920, ardent, strenuous; Lear, II. i. 42.
- Filed*, V. i. 12, polished.
- Fire, new (fire-new)*, I. i. 189, brand-new, fresh from the mint; Rich. III, I. iii. 269; Tw. Night, III. ii. 23.
- Flapdragon*, V. i. 44-5, a raisin, or the like, set on fire in a glass of brandy; 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 242.
- Flaske (flask)*, V. ii. 682, powder-flask; Rom. & Jul., III. iii. 51.
- Fleer'd*, V. ii. 115, laughed, mocked, from Middle English *flieren*; *fleer*, Much Ado, V. i. 66; *fleering*, Jul. Cæs., I. iii. 129.
- Force not*, V. ii. 492, attach no force to, care not for, have no scruples; Lov. Comp., 157; Lucrece, 1021.
- Fortuna delaguar (de la guerra)*, V. ii. 589, fortune of war.
- Friend*, V. ii. 450, mistress, as sometimes elsewhere; Meas. for Meas., I. iv. 33.
- Gallows*, V. ii. 13, one who deserves the gallows, gallows-bird.
- Gards (guards)*, IV. iii. 58, gauds, ornaments, form changed by pronunciation; Much Ado, I. i. 276; Meas. for Meas., III. i. 111.
- Gentilitie (gentility)*, I. i. 138, urbanity, good manners.
- Gigge (gig)*, IV. iii. 172, V. i. 66, 68, a top, often made of the tip of a horn.
- Glast (glass'd)*, II. i. 260, mirrored.
- Glozes*, IV. iii. 389, specious talk, idle words; used only here in Sh.
- Going ore (o'er) it*, IV. i. 107. For the play on 'style' and 'stile,' compare I. i. 211.
- Greasely (greasily)*, IV. i. 160, grossly.
- Greete (greet)*, V. ii. 415, look upon.
- Guelded (gelded)*, II. i. 156, maimed; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 693; Rich. II, II. i. 247.
- Haile (hail)*, V. ii. 380, hailstones, punning on *hail* in sense of greeting.
- Halfe cheek (half-cheek)*, V. ii. 683, profile.
- Heavy .. light*, I. ii. 116-17, also II. i. 209; this play on different senses of *light* is frequent in Sh.; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 150.
- Heed*, I. i. 87, care. See note, p. 124.
- Hight*, I. i. 181, 258, is called, used as an archaism; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 148; Per., IV. prol. 18.
- Hinde (hind)*, I. ii. 112, boor, peasant, also an animal, hence *rationall hinde* = man as opposed to beast; As You, I. i. 21; Mer. Wives, III. v. 88.
- Home*, V. i. 60, V. ii. 704, home thrust.
- Honie (honey)*, V. ii. 587; used in this personal sense in 1 Hen. IV, I. ii. 152; Tro. & Cres., V. ii. 22; Rom. & Jul., II. v. 20.
- Horne-booke (horn-book)*, V. i. 48, spelling-book. See note, p. 170.
- Houres (hours)*, II. i. 72, often, as here, pronounced *hou-ers*; Temp., V. i. 6.
- Humorous (humorous)*, III. i. 173, capricious; As You, I. ii. 266; John, III. i. 126; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iv. 40.
- Hyperboles*, V. ii. 453, pronounced *hy-pér-boles* here and Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 167.
- Illustrate*, IV. i. 74, V. i. 117, illustrious; used only here in Sh.
- Impe (imp)*, I. ii. 6, V. iii. 655, originally an offshoot or scion of a tree, thence offspring, child; used only by Armado, Holofernes, and Pistol.
- Importeth*, IV. i. 65, concerneth.
- Importunes*, II. i. 35, pronounced by Sh. *im-pór-tunes*; Ham., I. iii. 117.
- In*, IV. iii. 19, in the same state as himself.
- In blood*, IV. ii. 4, a term of the chase meaning in full vigor. Compare 1 Hen. VI, IV. ii. 52; Cor., I. i. 167.
- Incision*, IV. iii. 101, blood-letting; only meaning in Sh.; Mer. of

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

- Ven.*, II. i. 11; *As You*, III. ii. 71; *Rich.* II, I. i. 160.
- Inconie (incony)*, III. i. 133, IV. i. 168, fine, delicate.
- Incounters (encounters)*, V. ii. 88, possibly for 'encounterers,' as in other instances where the noun is formed from the verb without the suffix '-er.'
- In print*, III. i. 169, to the letter; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, II. i. 165; *As You*, V. iv. 93.
- Intellect*, IV. ii. 149, used here only in special sense for part of writing giving intelligence of sender, as the signature.
- Inward*, V. i. 93, 94, in private, intimate, confidential; *Rich.* III, III. iv. 12; *Much Ado*, IV. i. 14.
- Jaques*, II. i. 46, pronounced *Ja-ques* or *Ja-kes*; *As You*, II. i. 30; elsewhere debatable, probably *Jakes*.
- Jone (Joan)*, III. i. 203, V. ii. 1010, a general name for a peasant woman; *John*, I. i. 194.
- Juvenal (juvenal)*, I. ii. 9, youth, juvenile; used only here and *Mids. Night Dr.*, III. i. 97; 2 *Hen.* IV, I. ii. 20.
- Keele (keel)*, V. ii. 1001, stir, cool by stirring, or skim.
- Kersie (kersey)*, V. ii. 459, coarse woolen stuff; *Meas. for Meas.*, I. ii. 35; *Tam. of Shr.*, III. ii. 67.
- Kingly poore (kingly-poor)*, V. ii. 302, poor for a king.
- Knave*, III. i. 150, boy, servant; *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. xiv. 17; *Jul. Cæs.*, IV. iii. 281.
- Know my Ladies foot*, V. ii. 527, know her humor. See note, p. 176.
- Launces (lances)*, V. ii. 714, lancers; *Lear*, V. iii. 57.
- Lay*, I. i. 303, stake, wager; *Hen.* V, IV. i. 231.
- Libbards (libbard's)*, V. ii. 608, leopard's.
- Liberall (liberal)*, V. ii. 805, overbold, free; *Much Ado*, IV. i. 97; *Ham.*, IV. vii. 157.
- Like of*, I. i. 116, IV. iii. 163; the *of* in such cases is a result of the old impersonal use 'me liketh,' which could not take a direct object; *Much Ado*, V. iv. 96; *All's Well*, II. iii. 135; *Rich.* III, IV. iv. 371.
- Longaville*, pronounced *Long-a-vill* to rhyme with 'ill,' IV. iii. 128, *Long-a-vile* (and so spelled) to rhyme with 'compile,' IV. iii. 138.
- Long ('long) of*, II. i. 126, because *of*, owing to; *Mids. Night Dr.*, III. ii. 359. 'Along' does not occur in this sense in *Sh.*, and the use of the apostrophe in modern text is wrong.
- Loose*, V. ii. 814, loosing, parting; *loose* is an adverbial expression, which could not be amplified now as in time of *Sh.*
- Loose (lose) an oath*, IV. iii. 74, to break an oath, be no longer held by it.
- Lye (lie)*, I. i. 159, lodge, reside; 2 *Hen.* IV, IV. ii. 108; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, IV. ii. 140; *Mer. Wives*, II. i. 163; *Oth.*, III. iv. 4.
- Lye (lie) in my throate (throat)*, IV. iii. 13, a proverbial expression for deliberate lying, the lie in the teeth being merely an impulsive lie; 2 *Hen.* IV, I. ii. 80.
- Made a doubt*, V. ii. 107, were afraid, expressed fear.
- Magnificent*, I. i. 203, III. i. 176, pompous, boastful; used only here in *Sh.*
- Make*, IV. iii. 364, singular to agree with 'voice,' but plural by proximity to 'gods'; similar construction, *Wint. Tale*, IV. ii. 26; *Hen.* V, V. ii. 22.
- Makes*, IV. iii. 200, does, a common use of the word, here played upon; *As You*, I. i. 33.
- Male (mail)*, III. i. 78, bag, from Middle English *male*, French *maille*.
- Mallicholie (melancholy)*, IV. iii. 14, evidently a Middle English form.
- Manager (manage)*, V. ii. 535,

GLOSSARY

- management of a horse, handling, from Latin *manus*, hand.
- Marcade* (*mercade*), pronounced in modern text, V. ii. 787, verse, *Mer-kah-dey*, but in Folio, prose, may be *Mar-kade*.
- Margent*, II. i. 262, margin, alluding to practice of putting notes in margin of books; Lucrece, 102; Rom. & Jul., I. iii. 82.
- Meane* (*mean*), V. ii. 367, tenor part; Two Gen. of Ver., I. ii. 104; Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 46.
- Measure*, V. ii. 197, stately dance; Much Ado, II. i. 69.
- Meat* (*mete*), IV. i. 152, to measure, hence to take aim.
- Meere* (*mere*), I. i. 159, I. ii. 34, absolute; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 278; Oth., II. ii. 5.
- Mellowing of occasion*, IV. ii. 86, opportune moment.
- Messe* (*mess*), IV. iii. 221, V. ii. 401, party of four; 3 Hen. VI, I. iv. 80.
- Methegline* (*metheglin*), V. ii. 252, mead. See note, p. 174.
- Misbecom'd*, V. ii. 840, a frequent irregular participial form; Rom. & Jul., IV. ii. 31; Ant. & Cleo., III. vii. 33; Cymb., V. v. 483.
- Misprision*, IV. iii. 102, mistake; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 93; Much Ado, IV. i. 193.
- Monarcho*, IV. i. 109, name of a Spanish braggart of the time. See note, p. 111.
- Moth*, originally pronounced *Mote*, as shown in IV. iii. 166, from the pun on 'mote' and 'beam.'
- Mouse*, V. ii. 19, used as a term of endearment; Tw. Night, I. v. 61; Ham., III. iv. 186.
- Much*, II. i. 21, frequently used as an ordinary adjective.
- Native she doth owe*, I. ii. 100, she possesses by nature. *Owe* is frequently used for 'own,' II. i. 9; Tw. Night, I. v. 313.
- Neither of either*, V. ii. 512, a common expression in time of Sh.
- Night of dew*, IV. iii. 29, tears of sorrow; Ven. & Ad., 481.
- Nit*, IV. i. 176, mite; used only here and Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 119.
- Novum*, V. ii. 601, a rare throw at dice. See note, p. 177.
- Numbers*, IV. iii. 347, poetical measures.
- Oes* (*O's*), V. ii. 47, marks left by smallpox.
- Of*, I. i. 47; used with expressions of time signifies 'during'; Tam. of Shr., Ind. ii. 85; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 263. II. i. 61, by; here = loved for (his) virtue by all that love virtue. For this use compare Macb., III. vi. 7.
- Of all hands*, IV. iii. 235, on all sides, in any case.
- Of force*, I. i. 158, perforce, of necessity; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 42; Mer. of Ven., IV. i. 61.
- On her* (*one, her*), IV. iii. 147, (the hairs) of one, *her* put by analogy with 'his' for the possessive, one's (one his); no other example in Sh., but frequent in Elizabethan literature.
- Opinion*, V. i. 7, self-conceit; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 199.
- Ore-parted* (*o'erparted*), V. ii. 651, having a part beyond his power.
- Out of frame*, III. i. 189, out of order; Ham., I. ii. 24. Compare Much Ado, IV. i. 136; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 74.
- Parcell* (*parcel*), V. ii. 169, frequently used of persons; Mer. of Ven., I. ii. 104; All's Well, II. iii. 54.
- Parlee* (*parle*), V. ii. 128, hold parley.
- Parrators* (*paritors*), III. i. 184, apparitors, court clerks; perhaps here used in sense of 'go-betweens.'
- Passado*, I. ii. 171, a thrust in fencing; Rom. & Jul., II. iv. 26, III. i. 86.
- Passe* (*pass*), V. i. 124, pass as, represent.
- Passion*, I. i. 261, grieve, sorrow; used as a verb; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iv. 169; Ven. & Ad., 1059; Temp., V. i. 30.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

- Patch*, IV. ii. 36, a play on the word in its sense of 'fool' or 'clown'; Mer. of Ven., II. v. 49; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 11; Macb., V. iii. 20.
- Patheticall (pathetical)*, I. ii. 92, IV. i. 176, touching, pleasing; used as an affectation, only here and As You, IV. i. 184.
- Pedant*, III. i. 175, pedagogue; only meaning in Sh.; Tw. Night, III. ii. 75.
- Pensals (pencils)*, V. ii. 45, small brushes used by painters.
- Perjure*, IV. iii. 48, perjurer, 'wearing papers,' as punishment for his crime. See note, p. 160.
- Person (parson)*, IV. ii. 97, IV. iii. 204, parson, a specialized use of same word. See note, p. 156.
- Perst, persing (pierced, piercing)*, IV. ii. 99, 102, shows the old pronunciation of *pierce*, still common in proper names.
- Phantasime*, IV. i. 109, V. i. 21, fantastic fellow.
- Pied*, V. ii. 974, variegated; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 82.
- Picht (pitched) a toyle (toil)*, IV. iii. 4, set a snare.
- Placcats (plackets)*, III. i. 182, the opening in a woman's skirt, hence here a name for 'woman'; Lear, III. iv. 102.
- Please-man*, V. ii. 516, pick-thank, flatterer.
- Pompon*, V. ii. 559, blunder for 'Pompey.'
- Pomwater (pomewater)*, IV. ii. 5, a kind of apple.
- Power*, IV. iii. 350, sense.
- Poysons (poisons) up*, IV. iii. 323; for the intensive force of *up*, compare As You, II. i. 67.
- Praise sake*, IV. i. 41; the sign of the possessive case was frequently omitted before a sibilant, or when the noun itself ended in 'sh.'
- Present*, IV. iii. 197, matter to be presented; V. i. 129, represent; Temp., IV. i. 191; Much Ado, III. iii. 73; Mer. Wives, IV. vi. 22.
- President (precedent)*, I. ii. 110, precedent.
- Pricke (prick)*, IV. i. 152, the point in the center of the target.
- Pricke (pick) out*, V. ii. 602, single out.
- Primater (pia mater)*, IV. ii. 85, the pia mater, covering of the brain, here put for the brain itself; Tw. Night, I. v. 114; Tro. & Cres., II. i. 68.
- Profound*, IV. iii. 173, pronounced *prô-found* for the sake of meter.
- Pruning mee (me)*, IV. iii. 189, adorning myself, from Middle English *proinen, prunen*, to dress up smartly. Compare 1 Hen. IV. I. i. 101.
- Purcents*, V. ii. 544, blunder for 'represents.'
- Qualme (qualm)*, V. ii. 313, pronounced *calm*; 2 Hen. IV, II. iv. 37.
- Quicke (quick)*, I. i. 172, V. i. 59, V. ii. 318, sprightly, lively; 2 Hen. IV, IV. iii. 102; Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 260.
- Quillets*, IV. iii. 305, casuistries, nice distinctions; 1 Hen. VI, II. iv. 21; Ham., V. i. 102; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 170.
- Rack'd*, V. ii. 892, reckoned up against you, from Anglo-Saxon *reccan*, to reckon.
- Reasons*, V. i. 4, discourse, conversation.
- Reformation*, V. ii. 944, here pronounced in five syllables, *re-form-d-ti-on*.
- Repasture*, IV. i. 102, repast, food.
- Requests (request'st)*, V. ii. 221, the Folio form is frequent in verbs ending with 't'; Rich. II, IV. i. 273; Rich. III, II. i. 108; Ham., I. iv. 36.
- Resolve*, II. i. 117, answer; Tam. of Shr., IV. ii. 9.
- Retire*, II. i. 250, withdrawal, retirement; John, II. i. 347.
- Right*, V. ii. 579, true; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 316; Ant. & Cleo., IV. xii. 33.
- Rosaline*, pronounced *Rose-a-line* to rhyme with 'thine,' IV. iii. 238, V. ii. 139. When spelled

GLOSSARY

- Rosalin* in 1F. the pronunciation *Rôs-a-lîn* seems to be indicated.
- Rubbing*, IV. i. 164, a term in bowling; Rich. II, III. iv. 6.
- Russet*, V. ii. 459, homespun.
- Salve*, III. i. 77, 79, this play on the two words, English *salve* and Latin *Salve*, seems to show an old pronunciation of the former.
- Saw*, V. ii. 1003, maxim: As You, II. vii. 167; 2 Hen. VI, I. iii. 61; Ham., I. v. 105.
- Sensible*, IV. iii. 356, sensitive: Temp., II. i. 181.
- Severall* (*several*), II. i. 238, belonging to a private owner, separate, as frequently: Temp., III. i. 53-4, V. i. 277. See note, p. 143.
- She*, V. ii. 522; used here for the rhyme, but frequently as if an uninflected noun in place of 'woman'; Oth., IV. ii. 5; Ant. & Cleo., III. xiii. 120; Tro. & Cres., II. iii. 245.
- Shooter* (*sutor*), IV. i. 122, suitor; the Folio reading shows old pronunciation of the word and the pun intended.
- Shrewd*, V. ii. 13, mischievous, evil, the old meaning; Mer. Wives, II. ii. 214; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 32.
- Shrowes* (*shrows*), V. ii. 48, another spelling of 'shrew' (showing the pronunciation), for the sake of rhyme, as 'strew,' 'strow.'
- Simplicite* (*simplicity*), V. ii. 56, 82, silliness.
- Situate*, I. ii. 130; verbs ending in 'd' or 't' do not add another dental for the participle in Sh. as in Middle English.
- Skipping*, V. ii. 833, flighty, thoughtless; Mer. of Ven., II. ii. 183.
- Small*, I. i. 91, little; this use of adjectives for nouns is frequent. Compare Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 184; Ham., I. iii. 133; Temp., I. ii. 170. V. ii. 711, of the leg.
- Sneaping*, I. i. 109, snipping, nipping; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 17.
- Sod*, IV. ii. 23, sodden, boiled; a frequent form of the past participle of 'seethe'; twice sod 'simplicite' = concentrated stupidity.
- Sodaine bold* (*sudden-bold*), II. i. 114; this compounding of adjectives, the first gaining an adverbial force, is frequent in Sh.; Lear, IV. vi. 6; Mer. Wives, V. v. 70; Rich. II, I. iii. 88; 2 Hen. IV, prol. 43; As You, II. vii. 175.
- Solemnized*, II. i. 46, pronounced *sol-ém-niz-éd*.
- Sometime*, III. i. 16, sometimes; used interchangeably by Sh.
- Sore*, IV. ii. 68, four-year-old deer.
- Sorell*, IV. ii. 71, three-year-old deer.
- Sorted*, I. i. 259, associated. Compare Ven. & Ad., 689; Ham., II. ii. 297.
- Sound* (*swoon*), V. ii. 437, an early way of spelling *swoon*; Mids. Night Dr., II. ii. 160; As You, V. ii. 30; Rom. & Jul., III. ii. 62, etc.
- Sowla*, (*sowla* (*sola*?)), IV. i. 177, a shout to attract attention, possibly from *so, la*, notes of the gamut; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 50.
- Spirits*, V. ii. 176, here pronounced in one syllable, *spir(i)ts*, as frequently; Ham., I. i. 153; Mids. Night Dr., II. 4.
- Spleene* (*spleen*), V. ii. 123, sudden fit or spasm of emotion, here of merriment. Compare Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 156.
- Spoke*, V. ii. 389, for 'said.'
- Squier* (*squire*), V. ii. 527, square, foot-rule; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 366; 1 Hen. IV, II. ii. 15.
- Stand*, IV. i. 13, term for the hunter's station.
- State*, IV. iii. 190, attitude in quiet, as opposed to gait in motion.
- States*, V. ii. 472, estates; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 295; As You, V. iv. 181.
- Stay not thy complement* (*compliment*), IV. ii. 158, do not wait for polite formalities.
- Stoope* (*stoop*), IV. iii. 92, stooped, crooked.
- Straines* (*strains*), V. ii. 832, impulses, vagaries; Mer. Wives, II. i. 80; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 233; Cor., V. iii. 161.

LOVES LABOUR'S LOST

- Strooken (strucken)*, IV. iii. 241, an archaic past participle of 'strike'; Errors, I. ii. 49.
- Studie (study) me*, I. i. 85; this use of the 'ethical dative' is often, as here, humorous.
- Sue*, V. ii. 474, play upon *sue* = prosecute by law and offer suit.
- Suggested*, V. ii. 842, tempted; Oth., II. iii. 368; Rich. II, III. iv. 82; Hen. V, II. ii. 117.
- Suggestions*, I. i. 169, temptations, as usually in Sh.; Temp., IV. i. 30; Macb., I. iii. 150.
- Sweet my childe (child)*, I. ii. 64, 'my sweet child,' the possessive adjectives being often transposed and joined to the noun when unemphatic; III. i. 150; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 283; Ham., I. iii. 50; Rom. & Jul., III. v. 214.
- Tables*, V. ii. 365, backgammon, or any game played on a table with dice.
- Taffata (taffeta)*, V. ii. 168, referring to masks of taffeta silk.
- Taking it in snuffe (snuff)*, V. ii. 23, take it ill, a frequent play on two meanings of *snuff*; Hen. IV, I. iii. 45; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 260.
- Talent ... claw*, IV. ii. 79, 80, the word *talon*, claw, was sometimes written *talent*; *claw* also means to flatter, so there is a double play on words; Much Ado, I. iii. 16.
- Teene (teen)*, IV. iii. 169, grief, pain; Rich. III, IV. i. 109.
- That*, IV. i. 39, to which, a dative; IV. iii. 112, V. ii. 8, so that, 'so' is often omitted; Macb., I. ii. 72, I. vii. 12, II. ii. 19, 33; Jul. Cæs., I. i. 52.
- Theefe (thief)*, IV. iii. 193, an evil-doer, as often in Sh.; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 50.
- Thorough*, II. i. 251; used by Sh. interchangeably with 'through.'
- Thrasonical (thrasonical)*, V. i. 14, boastful; As You, V. ii. 34.
- Three-pil'd*, V. ii. 453, superfine, as three-piled velvet; Meas. for Meas., I. ii. 34; Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 15-16.
- Time*, IV. iii. 401, sufficient time.
- To*, V. ii. 406, according to, in proportion to; Much Ado, IV. i. 227; Cor., II. i. 279; Tro. & Cres., I. i. 10.
- Tofore*, III. i. 88, formerly; Tit. And., III. i. 313.
- Tokens*, V. ii. 470, plague-spots, and also the lovers' favors worn by the ladies. See note, p. 176.
- Ant. & Cleo.*, III. x. 16.
- Too hard a keeping oath*, I. i. 70.
- For transposition of article compare John, IV. ii. 29; Errors, III. ii. 161; Tro. & Cres., V. vi. 30, etc.
- Too little .. to*, II. i. 66, 67, too little in comparison with; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 138-9; Temp., I. ii. 564.
- Toy*, IV. iii. 175, 211, trifle; Hen. VI, IV. i. 154; Macb., II. iii. 115; John, I. i. 244.
- Trencher-knight*, V. ii. 517, serving-man.
- Treys (treys)*, V. ii. 251, threes, as in dice and cards.
- Triumphery (triumvir)*, IV. iii. 53, triumvirate.
- Triumphing*, IV. iii. 35, pronounced *tri-simph-ing* here and Lucrece, 1388; Rich. III, III. iv. 100, etc.
- Turtles*, IV. iii. 226, V. ii. 985, turtle-doves; only meaning in Sh.
- Tyred (tired)*, IV. ii. 142, caparisoned.
- Unconfirmed*, IV. ii. 19, inexperienced, ignorant; Much Ado, III. iii. 114.
- Undeserving praise*, V. ii. 407, praise to the undeserving, or undeserved praise.
- Unhappy*, V. ii. 13, roguish; All's Well, IV. v. 64.
- Unseeming*, II. i. 163, a peculiar use of the negative, which really belongs to the verb—in 'so seeming not to confess.'
- Upon the apple of her eye (eye)*, V. ii. 528, in obedience to her glance.
- Vailing*, V. ii. 334, lowering, letting fall; Mer. of Ven., I. i. 32; Ham., I. ii. 76.
- Veale (veal)*, V. ii. 273; *zu viel*, German, too much.

GLOSSARY

- Venerue (venue)*, V. i. 59, sally; a term in fencing meaning touch, hit; 'veney' in *Mer. Wives*, I. i. 206.
- Voluble (vorable)*, III. i. 68, nimble-witted.
- Waigh (weigh)*, V. ii. 27, 28, used quippingly for care, consider of importance.
- Ward*, III. i. 129, guard, term in fencing; *Temp.*, I. ii. 552.
- Ware ('ware)*, V. ii. 45, beware of; the apostrophe in modern text is wrong, as *aware* is a different word; *Tro. & Cres.*, V. vii. 14.
- Wassels (wassails)*, V. ii. 357, drinking-bouts; *Macb.*, I. vii. 75.
- Wax*, V. ii. 11, grow, with play on the noun; *Cor.*, II. ii. 111; *Ham.*, I. iii. 16.
- Weaker vessel*, I. i. 269, woman; As *You*, II. iv. 9; 2 *Hen. IV*, II. iv. 58; *Rom. & Jul.*, I. i. 19-20.
- Weeds*, V. ii. 875, garments; *Mids. Night Dr.*, II. i. 266; *Tit. And.*, III. i. 48.
- Weeping ripe (weeping-ripe)*, V. ii. 307, ready to weep; used only here and 3 *Hen. VI*, I. iv. 183.
- Well-advis'd*, V. ii. 483, in right mind; *Errors*, II. ii. 216.
- Well-liking (well-liking)*, V. ii. 301, well-conditioned, equivalent to French *embonpoint*. Compare 1 *Hen. IV*, III. iii. 7; *Mer. Wives*, II. i. 52.
- Whales (whale's)*, V. ii. 371, here pronounced in two syllables, *whál-es*.
- When that*, IV. iii. 150; *that* was frequently added, as 'so,' to 'who,' 'when,' etc., to give force of relative to interrogative words; *Jul. Cæs.*, III. ii. 101.
- Where*, II. i. 110, whereas, as frequently in *Sh.*; *Cor.*, I. i. 103; *Lear*, I. ii. 84; *Rich. II*, III. ii. 187.
- Where-until (whereuntil)*, V. ii. 550, whereto; 'till' is often used for 'to' in *Sh.*; *Pass. Pilg.*, xxi. 10; *Ham.*, V. i. 77.
- Who*, I. i. 177, without inflection for the objective 'whom,' as in II. i. 5, IV. i. 82, and frequently in *Sh.*; *Macb.*, III. i. 147; *Cor.*, II. i. 10, etc.
- Wide a'th bow hand (o' the bow-hand)*, IV. i. 153, far to the left of the mark; the *bow-hand* is the left, holding the bow.
- Wimpled*, III. i. 177, veiled, hence hoodwinked, blindfolded.
- Winke (wink)*, I. i. 47, shut the eyes, as often in *Sh.*; *Errors*, III. ii. 61; *Sonn.* 43, 1; 56, 6; *Temp.*, II. i. 229.
- Wit*, I. ii. 84, probably a pronunciation of 'withe,' to make the play on words possible. See note, p. 133.
- With the manner*, I. i. 214, in the fact. See note, p. 130.
- Wit-old*, V. i. 62, play on 'wittol,' cuckold; 'wittolly' occurs *Mer. Wives*, II. ii. 257.
- Woolward*, V. ii. 780, with wool instead of linen next the skin.
- Worlds (world's) delights*, I. i. 33, worldly delights.
- Wort*, V. ii. 252, unfermented beer.
- Wot*, I. i. 96, know; used only in present, *Hen. V*, IV. i. 299, and as participle, 'wotting,' *Wint. Tale*, III. ii. 81.
- Wrathed*, IV. iii. 140, pronounced *wrath-ed* here, folded; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, II. i. 20; *Tit. And.*, II. iii. 28.
- Wrought (raught)*, IV. ii. 49, an old past tense and participle of 'reach,' common in *Sh.*; *Hen. V*, IV. vi. 23; 3 *Hen. VI*, I. iv. 75; *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. ix. 37.
- Ycliped (ycleped)*, I. i. 249, V. ii. 665, called, an archaism, from Anglo-Saxon *cleopan*, to call; used only here in *Sh.*
- Yeares (years)*, V. ii. 518, wrinkles, as a mark of years.
- Yncle (inkle)*, III. i. 137, tape; *Wint. Tale*, IV. iv. 238; *Per.*, V. prol. 9.
- Zanie (zany)*, V. ii. 516, clown; *Tw. Night*, I. v. 87; only instances of the word in *Sh.*

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- Abide*, III. ii. 447, await, meet in combat.
- Abridgement*, V. i. 45, pastime; Ham., II. ii. 448.
- Adamant*, II. i. 203, lodestone, magnet; Tro. & Cres., III. ii. 286.
- Address (address'd)*, V. i. 113, ready; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 38; 2 Hen. IV. iv. 7; Love's Lab., II. i. 80.
- Admirable*, V. i. 28, to be wondered at.
- Afear'd*, III. i. 27, used interchangeably with 'afraid.'
- After supper*, V. i. 39, time after supper.
- Against*, V. i. 82, in preparation for.
- Aggravate*, I. ii. 78, Bottom's blunder for 'decrease.'
- Alwaies (all ways)*, IV. i. 47, in all directions.
- And (an)*, I. ii. 48, if.
- And if (an if)*, II. ii. 159, merely an intensified *if*.
- Anticke (antique)*, V. i. 5, strange, odd, 'antique' and 'antic' are used interchangeably; Ham., I. v. 188.
- Approve*, II. ii. 72, prove, test; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 85; Rich. II., I. iii. 118; Lear, II. iv. 197.
- Apricocks*, III. i. 173, apricots; used by Sh. only here and Rich. II., III. iv. 34.
- Argument*, III. ii. 249, subject of sport; 1 Hen. IV. II. ii. 960.
- Artificiall (artificial)*, III. ii. 210, skilled, artful; Per., V. i. 72.
- As it should pierce*, II. i. 166, as if, etc., the *if* implied by the use of subjunctive.
- Banke (bank) where*, II. i. 259, pronounced *bank whê-re* or possibly *bânk-e where*.
- Barky*, IV. i. 50; used only here in Sh.
- Barme (barm)*, II. i. 37, froth, yeast.
- Barren*, III. ii. empty-headed, dull, stupid.
- Bated*, I. i. 202, excepted; Temp., II. i. 100.
- Battie (batty)*, III. ii. 386, bat-like; only example of use in Sh.
- Be advis'd*, I. i. 54, take heed, consider; used often by Sh.
- Beard*, II. i. 99, long hairs on ears of corn, i. e., wheat, barley.
- Because that*, II. i. 20, *that* is here a conjunctive affix, its use borrowed by analogy from the custom of attaching it to interrogatives to give them a relative meaning.
- Be it so*, I. i. 47, expanded this means 'If it be (Be it) in this way (so).' See *So*, III. ii. 329.
- Belike*, I. i. 140, likely, probably.
- Berlaken (By'r lakin)*, III. i. 14, by our ladykin, or little lady, i. e., the Virgin Mary; Temp., III. iii. 4.
- Beshrew*, II. ii. 57, V. i. 298, a mild imprecation, often used playfully.
- Beteeme (beteem)*, I. i. 141, grant

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

- allow, or pour down upon. See note, p. 104.
- Bill (bill)*, I. ii. 100, list.
- Blinde wormes (blindworms)*, II. ii. 13, slow-worms; Mach., IV. i. 18.
- Blood*, I. i. 77, 83, passion; I. i. 144, birth, social rank.
- Bolt*, II. i. 171, arrow; Mer. Wives, III. iv. 29.
- Bootlesse (bootless)*, II. i. 36, in vain; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 87.
- Bottle*, IV. i. 38, bundle, truss (of hay); nowhere else in Sh.
- Brakes*, II. i. 235, III. i. 6, 75, thickets; Hen. VIII. I. ii.
- Breath*, III. ii. 47, language.
- Brisky*, III. i. 97, brisk, lively.
- Broacht (broach'd)*, V. i. 156, stabbed, spitted.
- Broke*, I. i. 186, for 'broken,' abbreviated form of past participle, as in Early English.
- Brow of Egypt (Egypt)*, V. i. 13, the brow of an Egyptian, gypsy.
- Bully*, III. i. 9, comrade, blustering fellow; Mer. Wives, I. iii. 13, II. iii. 28, IV. v. 18; Hen. V, IV. i. 8.
- Bush of thorns*, III. i. 59, bundle of sticks. See note, p. 135.
- Buskin'd*, II. i. 75, wearing the buskin, high-heeled hunter's boot; neither this word nor 'buskin' found elsewhere in Sh.
- But*, IV. i. 157, only, modifies *now*.
- By*, II. i. 63, near.
- Canker blossom (canker-blossom)*, III. ii. 295, a worm that destroys blossoms.
- Cankers*, II. ii. 4, worms.
- Capacity*, V. i. 112, opinion.
- Cavalery*, IV. i. 25, cavalier; *cavalerio* in Mer. Wives, II. iii. 70; 2 Hen. IV, V. iii. 55.
- Changeling*, II. i. 22, *change-ling*, the child left by the fairies in place of the one taken. See note, p. 117.
- Cheeke by jowle (cheek by jole)*, III. ii. 357-8, cheek to cheek, i.e., side by side; used by Sh. nowhere else.
- Cheere (cheer)*, III. ii. 99, V. i. 302, face; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 314.
- Chide*, II. i. 150, quarrel; Ven. & Ad., 46.
- Chiding*, IV. i. 129, barking, any incessant noise; As You, II. i. 10; Hen. VIII, III. ii. 197.
- Childing*, II. i. 116, fruitful, fertile.
- Choughes (choughs)*, III. ii. 23, crows. See note, p. 140.
- Churle (churl)*, II. ii. 82, peasant, boor.
- Clearkes (clerks)*, V. i. 100, *clerk-es*, scholars.
- Collied*, I. i. 155, black, literally, smutted with *coal*; used by Sh. only here and Oth., II. iii. 216.
- Come (comes)*, III. ii. 465, subjunctive.
- Comes*, III. ii. 467, *com-es*.
- Compact*, V. i. 10, composed; Ven. & Ad., 149; Tit. And., V. iii. 88; As You, II. vii. 8.
- Compare*, II. ii. 105, try to rival.
- Con*, I. ii. 96, learn by heart; Tw. Night, II. iii. 144.
- Concerne (concern)*, I. i. 69, befit, accord with.
- Condole*, I. ii. 30, lament, bewail; used only here and Hen. V, II. i. 121.
- Confusion*, I. i. 159, quadrisyllable, *con-fu-si-on*.
- Constancy*, V. i. 27, consistency.
- Contagious*, II. i. 94, poisonous, pestilential; John, V. iv. 33; Hen. V, III. iii. 32.
- Coy*, IV. i. 5, stroke, caress; only here in this sense.
- Coyle (coil)*, III. i. 359, tangle, confusion, turmoil; Temp., I. ii. 241; Errors, III. i. 65; Rom. & Jul., II. v. 69, etc.
- Crab*, II. i. 48, crabapple; Temp., II. ii. 176.
- Crazed title*, I. i. 101, weak, invalid, a title with a flaw.
- Create*, V. i. 399, created, not a participle without the 'ed,' but a participial adjective from the Latin *creat-us*; John, IV. i. 118.
- Critical*, V. i. 61, censorious; used by Sh. only here and Oth., II. i. 142.
- Cry*, IV. i. 138, pack of dogs; Cor., III. iii. 151; Ham., III. ii. 302.
- Cry your worships mercy*, III. i. 185, beg your indulgence; Mer.

GLOSSARY

- Wives*, III. v. **25**; *Much Ado*, **L i. 23**; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, V. iv. 102.
- Curst*, III. ii. 314, shrewish; *Tam. of Shr.*, **L i. 185**, **L ii. 72**, 129, II. i. 189, etc.; *Ven. & Ad.*, 187; *Lear*, II. i. **77**; *Much Ado*, II. i. **21**.
- Dance it*, V. i. 389; *it* added to give dance force of verb.
- Darkling*, II. ii. **91**, in the dark; *Lear*, I. iv. 201; *Ant. & Cleo.*, IV. xv. **17**.
- Date*, III. ii. **394**, duration.
- Dead*, III. ii. 60, death-like.
- Debate*, II. i. 120, quarrel; **2** *Hen. IV*, IV. iv. **4**.
- Deere expence* (*dear expence*), **L i. 263**, a costly sacrifice.
- Defeated*, IV. i. 176, cheated.
- Defect*, III. i. **38**, effect, a blunder of Bottom's.
- Derision*, III. ii. 391, *de-ris-i-on*.
- Deriv'd* (*derived*), **L i. 108**, born, descended; *as well derived* = of as good family; *Two Gen. of Ver.*, V. ii. **25**.
- Dewberries*, III. i. 173; used only here in *Sh*.
- Dewlap* (*dewlap*), II. i. **50**, loose skin hanging from the throat; usually used only of cattle, as in 'dew-lapt,' IV. i. **136**.
- Discharge*, **L ii. 89**, IV. ii. **9**, perform; *Temp.*, III. i. **26**; **Cor.**, III. ii. **130**.
- Disfigure*, **L i. 58**, destroy.
- Disfigure*, III. i. **60**, a blunder for 'figure,' represent.
- Dissention*, II. i. **120**, *dis-sen-ti-on*.
- Distemperature*, II. i. **110**, disorder of the elements.
- Do observance to*, **L i. 177**, observe the rites of.
- Dotage*, IV. i. **55**, doting affection.
- Dotes*, **L i. 239**, probably an instance of interpolation of 's,' which occurs frequently in *1F*.
- Double tongue*, II. ii. **11**, forked tongue.
- Dowager*, **L i. 8**, a widow receiving dower out of the heir's revenue.
- Drawne* (*drawn*), III. ii. 423, with drawn sword.
- Edict*, **L i. 161**, *e-dict* here and **2** *Hen. VI*, III. ii. 281.
- Egeus*, **L i. 27**, trisyllable, *E-gē-us*.
- Eight and sixe* (*six*), III. i. **24**, in alternate verses of eight and six syllables.
- Enforced*, III. i. 208, violated; *Tit. And.*, V. iii. **38**; *Cymb.*, IV. i. **18**.
- Eurings*, IV. i. **50**, embraces; used by *Sh*. only here.
- Ere while* (*erewhile*), III. ii. 286, a little while ago; *As You*, II. iv. **94**.
- Estate unto*, **L i. 107**, *bestow* upon; *Temp.*, IV. i. **94**; *As You*, V. ii. **13**.
- Ever*, **L i. 160**, always; *Hen. VIII*, V. i. 163.
- Evermore*, III. ii. 322, always.
- Exposition*, IV. i. **45**, blunder for 'disposition,' 'desire.'
- Extort*, III. ii. 165, take away.
- Extremitie* (*extremity*), III. ii. **4**, the utmost; *Ham.*, III. ii. 190; *Rich.* III, **L i. 69**; *Jul. Cæs.*, II. i. **34**.
- Eye ... melodie*, **L i. 200**, 201, *melodie* should probably be pronounced to rhyme with *eye* (*H. Furness*).
- Eyne*, **L i. 256**, sometimes written 'eyen,' a plural analogous to 'oxen,' 'shoon,' 'children.'
- Faint*, **L i. 228**, pale.
- Faire* (*fair*), **L i. 194**, beauty; *II. i. 207*, kindly.
- Fall*, V. i. 151, let fall, drop; *Temp.*, II. i. 326; *Tro. & Cres.*, I. iii. 393-4.
- Fancy*, **L i. 165**, IV. i. 181, love; *Tw. Night*, **L i. 18**.
- Fancy free* (*fancy-free*), II. i. 170, free from the power of love.
- Fancy sicke* (*fancy-sick*), III. ii. **99**, love-sick.
- Favor*, **L i. 198**, features; *As You*, IV. iii. **91**; *Macb.*, **L v. 82**.
- Favors*, II. i. **11**, love-tokens.
- Fell*, V. i. 237, fierce; *Tw. Night*, I. i. **27**.
- Fellow*, IV. i. **38**, match, equal; *Temp.*, II. i. 302, III. i. **101**; *Jul. Cæs.*, III. i. **72**.
- Figure*, **L i. 251**, typify.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

Five, III. i. 113, will-of-the-wisp.
Flew'd (*flew'd*), IV. i. 134, having an overhanging upper lip.
Floods, II. i. 107, waters.
Flout, II. ii. 134, mock at.
Fond, II. ii. 93, foolish; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 129; Cor., IV. i. 31; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 48.
Fond on, II. i. 276, doting on, fond of.
For, I. i. 126, as regards; frequently used.
Fore-done (*foredone*), V. i. 367, exhausted.
Forgeries, II. i. 85, idle inventions.
Forth, I. i. 174, out of, from; 1 Hen. VI, II. ii. 63; Cor., I. iv. 38.
For the candle, V. i. 259, because of the candle.
Forty, II. i. 181, used as an indefinite number.
French-crowne (*French crown*) ... yellow, I. ii. 91, light yellow, the color of gold in the French crown.
Frollicke (*frollic*), V. i. 380, used as an adjective.
Gawdes (*gawds*), I. i. 41, IV. i. 164, trifles; Tro. & Cres., III. iii. 182.
Generally, I. ii. 5, Bottom's blunder for 'severally.'
Gentles, V. i. 136, 423, used as familiar address, especially to an audience; Mer. Wives, III. ii. 80, etc.
Give me your hands, V. i. 431, applaud by clapping. See Temp., V. epil. 12.
Glance at, II. i. 79, hint at; Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 333.
Gleeke (*gleek*), III. i. 152, talk ironically; Hen. V, V. i. 93.
Go, I. i. 132, here used, as commonly in Sh., for 'come'; Tam. of Shr., IV. v. 9; Oth., I. i. 197.
Go about, IV. i. 211, attempt.
Good-sooth (*good sooth*), II. ii. 135, in truth, indeed.
Gossips bowl (*gossip's bowl*), II. i. 47, originally a christening-cup, then the drink prepared for the feast, made of ale, spice, sugar, and roasted crabapples.

Government, V. i. 131, in tune, under control.
Grace, II. ii. 95, (1) favor, or (2) good fortune, happiness; Meas. for Meas., I. iv. 75.
Great chamber, III. i. 56-7, state apartment.
Griffin, II. i. 240; mentioned only here and 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 164.
Grim lookt (*grim-look'd*), V. i. 182, grim-looking.
Growes, II. i. 260, possibly a survival of the Early English plural in 's.'
Grow on to a point, I. ii. 12, come to the point.
Hallowed (*holla'd*), IV. i. 139, holla = cry of hunters to their dogs.
Hath, II. i. 95; the singular verb after a relative with a plural antecedent is frequent in Sh.
Have broke, V. i. 105, ellipsis of nominative, *Clearkes*.
Head, I. i. 115, face.
Hearts, IV. ii. 27, good fellows.
Helen, V. i. 210, a blunder for 'Hero.'
Hempen home-spuns, III. i. 78, rude fellows.
Henchman, II. i. 125, page, attendant; only use in Sh.
Hernia, I. i. 166, does not properly add a foot to the line, as polysyllabic names often receive but one accent, thus, *Hēr'mīd*. It is generally a trisyllable, I. i. 113.
Hight, V. i. 148, is called, bears the name of; Love's Lab., I. i. 181; Per., IV. prol. 18.
His, II. i. 99, III. ii. 184, for 'its,' which was rarely used in time of Sh.
Holding no quantity, I. i. 246, bearing no proportion (to love's estimation of them); Ham., III. ii. 189.
Horned, V. i. 249, crescent; used quibblingly perhaps with reference to the material of Moonshine's lantern.
Humane (*human*), II. ii. 60, humane, courteous.
Humane (*human*) *mortals*, II. i.

GLOSSARY

- 105**, men as distinguished from fairies, who were considered mortal, though not human.
- Imagining**, V. i. 22; use of participle without a noun gives it almost the force of a preposition, as our 'concerning,' 'respecting.'
- Imbrue**, V. i. 339, stain with blood; 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 189.
- Immediately**, I. i. 53, directly.
- Impeach**, II. i. 222, bring into question; Mer. of Ven., III. ii. 280, III. iii. 29; Rich. II. I. i. 177.
- In**, II. i. 89, on.
- Incorporate**, III. ii. 215, made one body; Jul. Cæs., I. iii. 150.
- Increase**, II. i. 118, products; Temp., IV. i. 119; Cor., III. iii. 143.
- Injurious**, III. ii. 202, insulting; 2 Hen. VI. I. iv. 60; Cor., III. iii. 92.
- Intend**, III. ii. 351, pretend; Much Ado, II. ii. 33; Tam. of Shr., IV. i. 199; Rich. III. III. v. 11.
- Intend you stay**, II. i. 143; preposition before infinitive frequently omitted in Sh. It represents the transition from the Early English infinitive ending in 'en' to the present form prefixed by 'to.'
- It**, II. i. 178, ungrammatical, as it refers to *man* or *woman* in the previous line.
- Jugler (juggler)**, III. ii. 295, jugg-(e)-ler.
- Juvenal (juvenal)**, III. i. 97, juvenile, youth; Love's Lab., I. ii. 9, III. i. 68; 2 Hen. IV. I. ii. 20.
- Kinde (kind)**, I. i. 63, respect; Two Gen. of Ver., III. ii. 58; Mer. Wives, III. iii. 194.
- Knackes (knacks)**, I. i. 42, knick-knacks; Tam. of Shr., IV. iii. 75; Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 377.
- Knot-grasse (grass)**, III. ii. 346, was formerly believed to have power to check the growth of children. See note, p. 146.
- Know**, I. i. 72, ask (your youth), consider (your youth).
- Lacht (latch'd)**, III. ii. 38, moistened, anointed, dripped in.
- League**, III. ii. 394, compact, bond.
- Leave**, II. i. 205, give up; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iv. 74; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 192; Ham., III. iv. 94.
- Leave the figure**, I. i. 59, to allow the figure to remain as it is.
- Leviathan**, II. i. 180.
- Limander**, V. i. 209, blunder for 'Leander.'
- Lingers**, I. i. 7, makes to linger.
- Loadstarres (lode-stars)**, I. i. 195, the leading star, polar star; Lucrece, 179.
- Lob**, II. i. 15, buffoon, clown.
- Loffe**, II. i. 55, a rustic sounding of 'laugh.'
- Lordship**, whose, etc., I. i. 90, the control of him, to whose, etc.
- Lose**, I. i. 123, forget; Ham., III. ii. 216.
- Love in idleness (love-in-idleness)**, II. i. 174, heart's-case, pansy, called 'Cupid's flower.'
- Luscious**, II. i. 261, delicious, sweet.
- Make all split**, I. ii. 33, proverbial phrase to express violent action. Swedish *split*, discord. See note, p. 111.
- Make and marre (mar)**, I. ii. 35, a common alliterative phrase of the time.
- Make mouthes (mouths) upon**, III. ii. 245, make faces at.
- Makes**, III. ii. 466, possibly a survival of the northern Early English plural in 's.'
- Margent**, II. i. 89, margin; Lover's Comp., 39; Lucrece, 102; Rom. & Jul., I. iii. 82; Ham., V. ii. 162.
- Marshall**, II. ii. 126, director.
- May**, V. i. 4, can; frequently so used in Sh.
- Mased**, II. i. 117, perplexed.
- Mases**, II. i. 103, figures marked out on village greens for rustic sports, such as 'running the figure of eight.'
- Mechanicals (mechanicals)**, III. ii. 11, working-men; 2 Hen. VI. I. iii. 207.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

- Me*, III. ii. 442, for 'myself,' as often in Early English and Elizabethan.
- Meanes* (*means*), V. i. 325, moans.
- Meare-maide* (*mermaid*), II. i. 155, siren, as often in Sh.; Ven. & Ad., 429, 777; Lucrece, 141.
- Mew'd*, I. i. 80, shut up; Rich. III. i. 40, 140.
- Middle Summers* (*summer's*) *spring*, II. ii. 86, the beginning of midsummer.
- Night*, II. i. 167, used in the sense of 'was able,' 'could.'
- Mimick* (*mimic*), III. ii. 21, actor.
- Minding*, V. i. 121, intending; 3 Hen. VI. IV. i. 121.
- Minimus*, III. ii. 346, tiny creature.
- Misgrafted*, I. i. 147, grafted on a wrong tree; used by Sh. nowhere else, though 'graft' occurs in As You, III. ii. 117. 'Grafted' is the regular past tense; 'grafted' is corrupt.
- Mispris'd* (*mispris'd*) *mood*, III. ii. 77, mistaken fancy.
- Misprision*, III. ii. 93, mistake; Much Ado, IV. i. 193.
- Mornings* (*morning's*) *love*, III. ii. 410, Cephalus, Aurora's lover.
- Mouth*, IV. i. 137, sound.
- Mous'd* (*moused*), V. i. 280, torn in pieces, as a mouse worried by a cat; John, II. i. 378.
- Murrian*, II. i. 101, infected with murrain; nowhere else in Sh. as adjective.
- Muske* (*musk*-) *roses*, II. i. 262, a variety of garden rose bearing a corymb of white flowers with a yellowish base to the petals, very sweet-scented, especially at evening.
- Must be*, II. i. 76, sometimes used by Sh. to mean definite futurity, like our 'is to be.'
- My*, I. i. 200; 'mine' is used in Sh. generally before 'eye,' except, as here, for emphasis, III. ii. 230.
- Neafe* (*neaf*), IV. i. 22, fist; only here and 2 Hen. IV. II. iv. 179.
- Neerly that concernes* (*nearly that concerns*), I. i. 135, adverb transposed for the sake of emphasis.
- Neese*, II. i. 56, sneeze.
- Never so*, III. ii. 471, used where we commonly use 'ever.'
- Newts*, II. ii. 13, kind of lizard; Macb., IV. i. 16.
- Night-rule*, III. ii. 7, either night conduct, or night 'revel' from the old spelling 'reuel.'
- Ninus*, V. i. 147, *ne-nus*, the supposed founder of Nineveh, husband of Semiramis, Queen of Babylon.
- Noble respect*, V. i. 98, high-minded consideration.
- Nole*, III. ii. 19, noddle, head.
- Nor* I cannot, II. i. 209; the use of the double negative for emphasis is common in Early English.
- Nought* (*naught*), IV. ii. 15, wicked, worthless; Rich. III. I. i. 96-100.
- Obscenely*, I. ii. 103, a blunder of Bottom's. See note, p. 114.
- Observation*, IV. i. 118, observance of May-day.
- Orbs*, III. ii. 195, orbs; used by Sh. for anything round; Love's Lab., V. ii. 47; Hen. V, prol. 14; Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 8.
- Of*, II. ii. 140, 141, by; III. i. 42, V. i. 238, on; I. i. 245, follows verbal noun.
- Of all loves*, II. ii. 160, for love's sake.
- Of all the rest*, V. i. 256, as compared with all the rest.
- Orange tawny* (*orange-tawny*), I. ii. 90, dark yellow.
- Orbs*, II. i. 7, rings where the grass grows richly, called 'fairy' grass.
- Ore shoes in blood* (*o'er shoes in blood*), III. ii. 51. See Macb., III. iv. 167, 168.
- Originall* (*original*), II. i. 121, originators; used by Sh. only here and 2 Hen. IV. I. ii. 110; nowhere as adjective.
- Other*, IV. i. 74, others.
- Othersome* (*other some*), I. i. 240, some others; the phrase means 'how much happier some are than others.'
- Ounce*, II. ii. 32, wild cat.
- Over-beare* (*overbear*), IV. i. 197, overrule.

GLOSSARY

- Owe*, II. ii. 83, own, possess; Temp., I. ii. 471, III. i. 56; Cor., III. ii. 157.
- Oxslips*, II. i. 260, a kind of cow-slip; used only here and Wint. Tale, IV. iv. 145.
- Pageant*, III. ii. 118, show, exhibition; Love's Lab., V. i. 108; As You, III. iv. 5.
- Palpable grosse* (*palpable-gross*), V. i. 359, palpably gross, stupid.
- Pap*, V. i. 304, breast; pronounced *pop*.
- Pard*, II. ii. 33, leopard; Temp., IV. i. 289; As You, II. vii. 161; Tro. & Cres., III. ii.
- Parlous*, III. i. 14, perilous, hence excessive, wonderful; As You, III. ii. 43; Rich. III. II. iv. 39.
- Parts*, III. ii. 158, qualities.
- Passing fell*, II. i. 19, exceedingly angry.
- Pat*, *pat*, III. i. 4, V. i. 200, exactly; Hen. VIII, II. iii. 104; Lear, L. ii. 131.
- Patch'd* (*patched*), IV. i. 229, motley, wearing a coat of various colors.
- Patches*, III. ii. 11, clowns, fools; Mer. of Ven., II. v. 49; Macb., V. iii. 20.
- Patience*, IV. i. 66, *pat-i-ence*.
- Pensioners*, II. i. 9, retainers; used only here and Mer. Wives, II. ii. 77.
- Perforce*, II. i. 25, by force; III. i. 147, of necessity; Errors, IV. iii. 95; John, III. i. 150.
- Periods*, V. i. 103, full stops; Ant. & Cleo., IV. ii. 36, IV. xiv. 130.
- Pert*, L. i. 17, lively; used only here and Love's Lab., V. ii. 305.
- Phibbus*, L. ii. 34, Phcebus.
- Philostrate*, L. i. 15 (V. i. 44 in Quartos), *Phil-o-strate*.
- Plainsong* (*plain-song*), III. i. 137, a simple melody without harmony; Hen. V, III. ii. 5; Hen. VIII, L. iii. 58.
- Possess* (*possess'd*), L. i. 109, own-ing property.
- Preferred*, IV. ii. 38, submitted for approval; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 36.
- Preposterously*, III. ii. 125, per-versely.
- Presented*, III. i. 60, III. ii. 16, represented; Temp., IV. i. 191; Hen. VIII, prol. 6.
- Presently*, IV. ii. 37, immediately; Temp., L. ii. 147; Jul. Cæs., III. i. 36.
- Prevailment*, L. i. 43, influence.
- Prey*, II. ii. 156, act of preying.
- Princesse* (*princess*), III. ii. 149, paragon, perfection.
- Privilege* (*privilege*), II. i. 228, safeguard, protection.
- Procrus*, V. i. 211, a blunder for 'Procris,' wife of Cephalus.
- Prodigious*, V. i. 406, unnatural; John, III. i. 50.
- Prologue*, V. i. 113, speaker of the prologue.
- Proper*, L. ii. 83, fine, handsome; Temp., II. ii. 65; John, L. i. 263.
- Properties*, L. ii. 100, stage adjuncts or requisites; Mer. Wives, IV. iv. 85.
- Protest*, L. i. 98, vow.
- Pumps*, IV. ii. 36, low shoes.
- Purple in grain* (*purple-in-grain*), L. ii. 90, dyed deep red.
- Quaile*, V. i. 295, quell, overpower; Ant. & Cleo., V. ii. 104.
- Queint* (*quaint*), II. ii. 8, pretty, pleasant; Temp., I. ii. 375; Much Ado, III. iv. 21; 2 Hen. VI, III. ii. 298.
- Quell*, V. i. 295, kill; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. ii. 15; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 178.
- Querne* (*quern*), II. i. 35, a hand-mill for grinding corn.
- Questions*, II. i. 243, arguings; Meas. for Meas., II. iv. 98.
- Quill*, III. i. 134, pipe, reed.
- Rate*, III. i. 160, value, impor-tance; Temp., L. ii. 110; Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 170.
- Recorder*, V. i. 131, a kind of flag-colet; Ham., III. ii. 317.
- Rend*, III. ii. 222, rend; Macb., IV. iii. 193.
- Remise* (*reme-mice*), II. ii. 5, bats; used only once.
- Respect*, L. i. 147, regard or con-sideration; used in this sense throughout this play, L. i. 170.

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

- II. ii. 217, 232, V. i. 98; John, III. i. 332.
- Respects*, I. i. 170, regards.
- Rheumaticke* (*rheumatic*), II. i. 109, not used as at present, but including coughs and colds; accent on first syllable; Ven. & Ad., 135; Mer. Wives, III. i. 41.
- Rife* (*ripe*), V. i. 49, ready; used only once.
- Right*, III. ii. 316, true.
- Ringlets*, II. i. 90, possibly the circles of green grass, supposed to be a trace of fairies; used only here and Temp., V. i. 44. See notes, pp. 115, 121.
- Ripe*, II. ii. 124, ripen; As You, II. vii. 31.
- Roome* (*room*), II. i. 58, a dissyllable pronounced, according to Abbott, *ro-om*. Possibly it might have been pronounced *roo'm-e*, in imitation of Chaucer's pronounced final 'e.'
- Round*, II. i. 145, a dance in a circle.
- Roundell* (*roundel*), II. ii. 2, round, dance in a circle; used only here.
- Run through fire*, II. ii. 109, proverbial expression for performing impossibilities.
- Sad*, IV. i. 106, serious; Much Ado, I. i. 178; Mer. of Ven., II. ii. 4.
- Sanded*, IV. i. 134, sandy-spotted; used only here.
- Scape the Serpents tongue*, V. i. 427, 'escape' being hissed.
- Scrip*, I. ii. 6, scroll, list of actors; used only here in this sense.
- Scritch-owle* (*screech-owl*), V. i. 369; 2 Hen. VI., I. iv. 20, III. ii. 353; Tro. & Cres., V. x. 19; *screech* not used otherwise in Sh.
- Seale* (*seal*), III. ii. 149, pledge.
- Seething*, V. i. 6, heated, excited; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 479; Tro. & Cres., III. i. 43.
- Selfe-affaires* (*self-affairs*), I. i. 122, my own business.
- Sensible*, V. i. 194, capable of feeling; Cor., I. iii. 89; Love's Lab., IV. iii. 356; Temp., II. i. 181.
- Serpents* (*serpent's*) *tongue*, V. i. 427, hissing, as a sign of disapproval.
- Set his wit*, III. i. 140, oppose his wit.
- Shafalus*, V. i. 211, 212, blunder for 'Cephalus.' See note, p. 160.
- Shalt not from*, II. i. 151; the verb of motion ('go') is frequently omitted after 'shall' or 'will.'
- Sheene* (*sheen*), II. i. 28, brightness.
- Shore*, V. i. 336, for 'shorn,' abbreviated form of past participle, survival of Middle English form.
- Shrew'd* (*shrewd*), II. i. 32, mischievous; Mer. Wives, II. ii. 214; As You, V. iv. 179.
- Simplenesse* (*simpleness*), V. i. 90, simplicity.
- Simplicitie* (*simplicity*), I. i. 182, artlessness, innocence.
- Since*, II. i. 154, when; Tam. of Shr., Ind. I. 94; 2 Hen. VI., III. i. 11; 2 Hen. IV., III. ii. 199.
- Sinister*, V. i. 174, *sin-is-ter*, left.
- Sisters three*, V. i. 334, the Fates.
- Sleepe* (*sleep*), IV. i. 165, sleeping.
- Small*, I. ii. 47, in the treble voice of a woman or boy.
- Smartly*, II. i. 165, vigorously; used by Sh. only here.
- Snuffe* (*snuff*), V. i. 260, used equivocally for (1) the wick of a candle, and (2) a huff expressed by the snuffing of the nose, hence 'to be in s.' = to be offended; Love's Lab., V. ii. 22; 1 Hen. IV., I. iii. 45.
- So*, IV. i. 134, in the same manner; I. i. 259, then.
- Soft*, IV. i. 141, hold, stop, hush; Mer. of Ven., I. iii. 59, IV. i. 320; Temp., I. ii. 524, etc.
- Solemnities*, I. i. 14, nuptial festivities.
- Solemnly*, IV. i. 99, with due ceremony.
- Something*, III. ii. 318, adverb, like 'somewhat.'
- Sooth*, III. ii. 277, indeed, in truth; Jul. Cæs., II. iv. 24.
- Sort*, III. ii. 15, company; Rich. II., IV. i. 249.
- Sort*, III. ii. 373, chance; Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 376.
- Sorting with*, V. i. 62, befitting; Tro. & Cres., I. i. 109.

GLOSSARY

- Speake you faire* (*speake* .. *faire*), II. i. 207, address you kindly.
- Sphery*, II. ii. 105, star-like.
- Spirit*, II. i. 4, monosyllable pronounced *spërte*, as it was actually spelled in 1Q.; Macb., IV. i. 134; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 96.
- Spleene* (*spleen*), I. i. 156, sudden passion; used by Sh. to express any emotion: laughter, Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 149; Love's Lab., III. i. 81; caprice, Ven. & Ad., 907; Tam. of Shr., III. ii. 12; anger, Jul. Cæs., IV. iii. 52.
- Spotted*, I. i. 119, polluted, wicked, the opposite of 'spotless'; Rich. II, III. ii. 136.
- Square*, II. i. 29, wrangle, quarrel: Tit. And., II. i. 111; Ant. & Cleo., II. i. 57.
- Squash*, III. i. 193, an immature peascod: Tw. Night, I. v. 157; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 192.
- Stampe* (*stamp*), III. ii. 27, signal.
- Stand upon points*, V. i. 126, 'know the stop,' be careful.
- Stay*, II. i. 143, for 'to stay,' possibly, however, a noun.
- Stealth*, III. ii. 325, stealing away; Sonnet 77, 7; Tw. Night, I. v. 208.
- Steepe* (*steep*), II. i. 73; used only here as noun.
- Stood upon*, I. i. 149, rested upon; Errors, IV. i. 76; Rich. II, II. iii. 147; Rich. III, IV. ii. 69; Ham., V. ii. 69.
- Streaks* (*streak*), II. i. 267, touch gently, stroke.
- Stretcht* (*stretch'd*), V. i. 87, strained.
- Strings*, IV. ii. 36, to tie on false beards.
- Superpraise*, III. ii. 158, to praise extravagantly.
- Take*, V. i. 97, take in good part.
- Take his gait* (*gait*), V. i. 410, take his way.
- Tartars bowe* (*Tartar's bow*), III. ii. 104, the Tartars being famous archers. See note, p. 141.
- Tear a Cat in*, I. ii. 32, rant violently. See note, p. 111.
- That*, I. i. 71, 'so' omitted, as frequently.
- That*, V. i. 373, when.
- There is two*, III. i. 46, use of a singular verb when the subject follows is quite common.
- They*, II. i. 96, stands for the collection of individual rivers.
- Thick-skin*, III. ii. 15, stupid fellow; Mer. Wives, IV. v. 4.
- Thred* (*thread*), V. i. 294, the warp.
- Three*, III. ii. 465, *three*.
- Throws*, II. i. 265, throws off, sheds.
- Thrum*, V. i. 294, tuft of yarn, the ends of the warp.
- Tide* ('*tide*'), V. i. 217, betide, happen, chance.
- To die*, II. i. 252, that is, in dying.
- Toward*, III. i. 81, about to begin, in progress; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 73; Ham., I. i. 93; Lear, III. iii. 20.
- Toys* (*toys*), V. i. 5, trifles; Wint. Tale, III. iii. 46; Macb., II. iii. 115; Cymb., IV. ii. 250.
- Toyled* (*toil'd*), V. i. 81, exerted, strained; Ham., I. i. 88; Rich. II, IV. i. 96.
- Trace*, II. i. 24, traverse.
- Transported*, IV. ii. 5, removed, carried off; Meas. for Meas., IV. iii. 74.
- Trim*, III. ii. 162, fine, nice, used ironically; Tro. & Cres., IV. v. 33; Tit. And., V. i. 96.
- Triple Hecates*, V. i. 377, ruling in three forms — Luna or Cynthia in heaven, Diana on earth, Hecate in hell. See note, p. 162.
- Triumph*, I. i. 23, public ceremony, tournament; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iv. 161; Rich. II, V. ii. 57; 3 Hen. VI, V. vii. 43.
- Troth*, II. ii. 39, truth; Cor., IV. v. 193.
- Try manhood*, III. ii. 436, fight, test prowess.
- Tunable*, I. i. 106, IV. i. 138, tuneful; used only here.
- Tyring house* (*tyring-house*), III. i. 6, dressing-room; used only here.
- Unbreathed*, V. i. 81, unexercised; used only here.
- Uncouple*, IV. i. 121, loose from their 'couples,' unleash; used

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

- only here and Ven. & Ad., 674; Tit. And., II. ii. 5.
- Undergo*, **L. i. 84**, 'as' omitted.
- Undistinguishable*, II. i. 104, IV. i. 205; used only here.
- Unearned lucke (luck)*, V. i. 426, better fortune than we deserve.
- Unhardned (unhardened)*, **L. i. 43**, impressionable; used only here.
- Unheedy*, **L. i. 251**, unheeding; adjective formed by adding 'y' to substantive, as in 'vasty', 'normy', etc.; used only here.
- Upon*, III. ii. 406, prepositions often placed after their objects in Sh., as in Anglo-Saxon and Early English.
- Upon the hand*, II. i. 252, equivalent to 'by the hand,' combined with the idea of local nearness.
- Vantage*, **L. i. 111**, with verb=superior to, having the advantage of; John, II. i. 580; Cor., **L. i. 168**.
- Vaward*, IV. i. 119, fore part, beginning; 2 Hen. IV, **L. ii. 163**, etc.
- Versing*, II. i. 71; used only here.
- Villagres (villagers)*, II. i. 34, village population; used only here.
- Virgin Patent*, **L. i. 89**, privilege of virginity. See note, p. 103.
- Votress (votress)*, II. i. 128, 169, a vestal virgin; used only here and Per. IV. prol. 4.
- Voyage*, II. i. 139, a dissyllable, *voyage*.
- Voyce (voice)*, **L. i. 63**, consent, approval; Rich. III, III. ii. 60; Cor., II. ii. 158.
- Wandering Knight (wandering knight)*, **L. ii. 42**, knight errant.
- Want*, II. i. 105, lack.
- Wanton*, II. i. 103, thick, luxuriant; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 236; Rich. II, **L. iii. 216**.
- Wasted*, V. i. 367, spent, consumed; Ven. & Ad.; Mer. of Ven., III. iv.
- Waxen*, II. i. 56, increase, '-en,' an archaic plural inflection, here probably used for sake of meter.
- Weed*, **II. i. 266**, garment; used in the singular only here and Cor., II. iii. 23.
- Welkin*, III. ii. 377, sky; Temp., **L. ii. 6**; Mer. Wives, **L. iii. 85**; Tw. Night, II. iii. 60, etc.
- Where*, IV. i. 170, wherever.
- Wherefore*, III. ii. 284, *wherefore*.
- Whether*, **L. i. 78**, III. i. 159, III. ii. 84, *wh(eth)er*.
- Which*, **L. i. 112**, parenthetically used for 'which thing'; Wint. Tale, **L. ii. 453**; 1 Hen. IV, V. ii. 37.
- Whose unwished yooke .. consents*, **L. i. 90**, preposition omitted, as frequently before the indirect object of some verbs, such as 'say,' 'question.'
- Will none*, III. ii. 174, want nothing of, will have nothing to do with.
- Withering out*, **L. i. 9**, delaying the enjoyment of. See note, p. 98.
- Within his power*, **L. i. 58**; 'it' is omitted, as frequently in Sh.
- Without*, **L. i. 175**, outside; IV. i. 171, beyond the reach of; Temp., V. i. 322.
- With th' (the) Antipodes*, III. ii. 58, a common expression of the time; Rich. II, III. ii. 47 [1]; Mer. of Ven., V. i. 147.
- Wood (wode)*, II. i. 200, mad, a play on words; 1 Hen. VI, IV. vii. 40; Ven. & Ad., 740.
- Woodbine*, II. i. 261, honeysuckle; IV. i. 48, convolvulus, bindweed; used only here and Much Ado, III. i. 33.
- Woosell (ousel)*, III. i. 131, blackbird; mentioned only here and 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. 11. See note, p. 138.
- Worme (worm)*, III. ii. 74, serpent; Meas. for Meas., III. i. 19; Macb., III. iv. 37.
- Worser*, II. i. 216, a form of the comparative often used by Sh.
- Wot*, III. ii. 447, know; Love's Lab., **L. i. 96**; Hen. V, IV. i. 289, and often.
- Wrath*, II. i. 19, wrathful, angry; used only here as adjective.
- Yeelders (yielders)*, III. ii. 32, the vanquished.
- You*, I. ii. 79, ethical dative.
- You were best*, **L. ii. 5**, remnant of old idiom, 'it were best for you,' you used by Sh. as nominative rather than dative; Jul. Cæs., III. iii. 13; Cymb., III. ii. 81.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

A GLOSSARY OF WORDS

Grammatical Usage and Pronunciation

- Abide*, IV. i. 59, endure; used frequently in this sense in Sh.: Mids. Night Dr., III. i. 12; Mer. Wives, I. i. 272; Temp., I. ii. 421.
- Abode*, II. vi. 25-6, delay; used only here by Sh. in this sense.
- A capring*, I. ii. 59, the prefix 'a-' or 'an-' is essentially identical with 'on-'. 'An-' with its abbreviation 'a-', is said to characterize the dialects of the southern counties of Eng., while 'on-' and 'o-' mark the northern dialects. In many instances the two forms remain side by side, as in 'afire' and 'on fire.'
- Accomplished*, III. iv. 64, four syllables, equipped; Hen. V, prol. 14.
- Address* (*address'd*) *me*, II. ix. 21, prepared myself; Hen. V, III. iii. 60; Mids. Night Dr., V. i. 113, and generally in Sh.
- Advised*, I. i. 151, three syllables, heedful, careful; II. i. 49; V. i. 256.
- Afear'd*, II. vii. 31, rare in literature after 1700; Sh. uses both *afear'd* and 'afraid,' the former 31 times, the latter 41 times.
- Agitation*, III. v. 5, clown's blunder, perhaps, for 'cogitation.'
- Alas*, *the while*, II. i. 37, alas for the present state of things; here, as in Oth., III. iv. 180, and like phrases, originally, which have come to mean merely *alas*.
- Alcides*, III. ii. 58, stress on second syllable, *Al-ci-des*.
- And if*, IV. i. 466, an intensive form of *if*; also written 'an' and 'an'.' These later forms were rare before 1600. Except in the expression *an' t*, *an* is found only once in 1F., Love's Lab., V. ii. 251.
- And so following*, I. iii. 36, and so forth; used only here by Sh.
- And that*, IV. i. 13, 'since' is here omitted before *that*, while in I. 12 'that' is omitted after *since*; a construction frequent in the time of Sh.
- Angell* (*angel*), II. vii. 58, an English gold coin, ten shillings in value. See p. 155.
- Anthonio* (*Antonio*), stress on second syllable, *An-tho-nee-o*.
- Approve*, III. ii. 85, confirm, justify; Lear, II. iv. 198, III. v. 13.
- Argosies*, I. i. 12, merchant vessels of great size, sometimes war-vessels; the name is supposed to be derived from the classical *Argo*, through the low Latin *argis*, but a 16th-century form of the word is 'ragusye,' from Italian *Ragusa*, a vessel of Ragusa, whence merchant ships traded with England, and which city was called Aragouse and Arragosa in 16th-century English.
- Aspect*, I. i. 59, II. i. 13, stress on second syllable, *as-pect*.
- Atchiev'd* (*achiev'd*) *her mistresse* (*mistress*), III. ii. 215, win her mistress; often used by Sh. in this sense; Oth., II. i. 72; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 161.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

- Attempt*, IV. i. 442, tempt; Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 202.
- Attended*, V. i. 115, heeded, attended to; used with this meaning only here and in Rich. III, III. i. 18. See note, p. 208.
- Bain'd* (*baned*), IV. i. 51, poisoned. For 'bane' as a noun, see Meas. for Meas., I. ii. 126.
- Ballance* (*balance*), IV. i. 269, used as if in the plural already by force of the 's' sound at the end.
- Bare*, II. ix. 46, bareheaded, therefore of low degree, having to 'uncover' or take off the hat in presence of those of higher rank. See 2 Hen. VI, IV. i. 55.
- Barrabas*, IV. i. 311, stress on first syllable, *Bdr-rah-bas*.
- Bassanio*, stress on second syllable, *Bas-sán-ee-o*. Elided to three syllables, III. iii. 156, 259; *Bas-sán-o's*, III. ii. 320. See note, p. 175.
- Bated*, I. iii. 128, III. iii. 37, reduced, weakened.
- Bechaunc'd* (*bechaunc'd*), I. i. 42, the prefix *be-*, from the Old English stressless form of the preposition and adverb *bi*, 'by,' is here simply intensive.
- Beest rated*, II. vii. 28, *beest* is here the Anglo-Saxon *bist*, second person singular present indicative of *beon*, to be. It is not, as might be supposed, the subjunctive 'be.' So also, *There be land rats*, I. iii. 23; *These be*, IV. i. 310, where *be* is the third person present indicative of *beon*.
- Beholding*, I. iii. 109, under personal obligations for favors; often used by Sh. and writers of his time instead of 'beholden,' originally the past participle of 'behold,' which sometimes meant hold or keep under obligation; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iv. 175.
- Bellario*, stress on second syllable, *Bel-ah-ree-o*. Last two syllables elided, IV. i. 111, 152, 159, 174, 176.
- Be my vantage ... you*, III. ii. 181, give me opportunity to cry out against you.
- Beshrew*, II. vi. 59, *beshrow* (*beshrew*), III. ii. 15, to invoke a curse upon, but generally used in a playful sense, as here; John, V. iv. 53; Oth., IV. iii. 87.
- Best condition'd* (*conditioned*), III. ii. 310, best-natured, best in disposition or condition. See *Condition*.
- Best regarded*, II. i. 15, best to be regarded or looked at, hand-somest.
- Bid forth*, II. v. 14, invited out; *bid* or 'bade' for 'bidden' are usual in Sh.; 'bidden' is used once only, Much Ado, III. iii. 32.
- Blest or cursed'st*, II. i. 54, the omission of the superlative in one or the other of a pair of adjectives was not unfrequent at the time of Sh. See III. ii. 310; Meas. for Meas., IV. vi. 19.
- Bonnet*, I. ii. 71, head-gear of any sort; used always in Sh. for a man, as in Rich. II, I. iv. 32.
- Bottom* (*bottom*), I. i. 46, originally the lower part or hull of a ship, hence used for ship; like 'ventures,' this word is still used in commerce with the same meaning as here; Tw. Night, V. i. 57. See note, p. 119.
- Braver*, III. iv. 68, finer, more showy; frequently used with reference to a fair exterior; Temp., I. ii. 8, 510-12.
- Breake* (*break*), I. iii. 139, if he break, a common expression meaning fail to fulfil his engagement, as in I. iii. 168. See note, p. 140.
- Breake* (*break*) *up*, II. iv. 11, break open. See p. 152.
- Breathing*, V. i. 161, verbal; Macb., V. iii. 32.
- Breede* (*breed*) *of barraine mettall* (*barren, metal*), I. iii. 137, money which is bred from the principal, a metaphor for interest. See note, p. 138.
- Buriall* (*burial*), I. i. 33, burial-place; Ham., V. i. 2, 6, 26.
- But one who you shall rightly love*, I. ii. 32, *who* is the object, not the subject of love; *who* for 'whom' is usual in the usage of that time, as in the speech of

GLOSSARY

- ours, except after 'to' or 'of.' See Cymb., IV. ii. [102](#); Oth., [I. ii. 64](#); Love's Lab., II. i. [4-5](#).
- By, [I. ii. 52](#), about, concerning. See [II. ix. 28](#), also note, p. 157.
- By, IV. i. [272](#), near by; [Iw. Night, III. i. 5](#).
- By season, V. i. [110](#), by the fitness of time; Errors, [I. ii. 72](#).
- By something shewing (showing), [I. i. 133](#), something too prodigal, [138](#), an adverbial use of something (meaning somewhat) common to Sh.; Love's Lab., IV. ii. [64](#); All's Well, [I. iii. 114](#).
- Carriou, IV. i. [46](#), often used by Sh. as an adjective; John, III. iv. [36](#); 2 Hen. VI, V. ii. [13](#); Jul. Cæs., III. i. [305](#). A carriou death, [I. vi. 65](#), a skull.
- Catercosins (cater-cousins), II. ii. [125](#), distant relations. See note, p. 147.
- Ceremonie, V. i. [228](#), sacred object.
- Chanced, V. i. [304](#), two syllables.
- Chased, II. vi. [15](#), two syllables.
- Cheere (cheer), III. ii. [330](#), IV. i. [118](#), countenance, from the Old French *chère*; in use with this meaning up to the 16th century; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. [99](#). See note, p. 175.
- Child-hoode prooffe (childhood proof), [I. i. 153](#), child-like argument, or experiment of my childhood.
- Choose one, nor refuse none, [I. ii. 26](#), the double negative is frequent in Sh.; John, V. vii. [121](#).
- Circumstance, [I. i. 163](#), circumlocution; Errors, V. i. [19](#); Two Gen. of Ver., [I. i. 40](#).
- Civill (civil) Doctor, V. i. [232](#), doctor of civil law.
- Civillitie (civility), II. ii. [192](#), urbanity, polite manners; As You, II. vii. [99](#), [101](#); Cymb., IV. ii. [231](#).
- Close, II. vi. [54](#), secret, stealthy; Macb., III. v. [10](#); Tam. of Shr., ind., [I. i. 138](#).
- Come view, II. vii. [45](#), in the time of Sh. usage as to the omission of 'to' before the infinitive varied.
- Commends, II. ix. [95](#), used as a noun, commendations; Rich. II, III. i. [42](#), iii. [133](#).
- Commodity, [I. i. 187](#), property; III. iii. [32](#), business convenience; Wint. Tale, III. ii. [100](#).
- Complexion, II. i. [6](#), four syllables, *com-plex-i-on*.
- Complexion, III. i. [29](#), nature, temperament; Ham., I. iv. [30](#).
- Compremys'd (compromised), [I. iii. 81](#), mutually agreed. Compare Mer. Wives, [I. i. 35](#).
- Conceit, [I. i. 101](#), intellect; As You, V. ii. [56](#); III. iv. [4](#), conception; Ham., II. ii. [576](#).
- Condition, [I. ii. 126](#), disposition, nature; Rich. III, IV. iv. [165](#); Oth., II. i. [255](#).
- Confiscate, IV. i. [349](#), stress on first syllable; used always by Sh. instead of 'confiscated,' a Latin form often employed in early writers for verbs derived from Latin verbs of the first conjugation, as 'dedicate,' Meas. for Meas., II. ii. [183](#); 'consecrate,' Errors, II. ii. [134](#).
- Confound, III. ii. [293](#), destroy or ruin; Macb., II. ii. [16](#); Ant. & Cleo., II. v. [119](#).
- Confusions, II. ii. [35](#), clown's blunder, perhaps, for 'conclusions.'
- Constant, III. ii. [262](#), self-possessed, steadfast; Temp., [I. ii. 241](#).
- Constitution, III. ii. [261](#), five syllables, *con-sti-tu-ti-on*.
- Containe (contain), V. i. [223](#), retain; Sonn. lxxvii. [9](#). See note, p. 211.
- Continent, III. ii. [137](#), that which contains; Ham., IV. iv. [10](#) [[64](#)].
- Contrary, [I. ii. 92](#), wrong.
- Contrive, IV. i. [370](#), plot, conspire; Jul. Cæs., II. iii. [15](#).
- Convenient, III. iv. [58](#), suitable; Hen. V, IV. i. [209](#).
- Conveniently, II. viii. [48](#), fitly, suitably.
- Cope, IV. i. [433](#), reward, requite.
- Counterfeit, III. ii. [122](#), portrait, likeness; Tim. of Ath., V. i. [105](#). See note, p. 169.
- Countie, [I. ii. 44](#), count; Rom. & Jul., III. v. [121](#); Much Ado, IV. i. [322](#). See note, p. [126](#).

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

- Cover*, II. ix. 46, III. v. 50, used punningly for 'serve dinner' and 'put on one's hat.' See note, p. 179.
- Creepe (creep) in*, V. i. 66, Sh. sometimes has 'in' where we use 'into'; Mer. Wives, III. v. 6; Meas. for Meas., II. iii. 11.
- Crisped*, III. ii. 98, two syllables, curled. See note, p. 168.
- Current (current)*, IV. i. 69, persistent course.
- Curtzie*, I. i. 16, the same word which appears also as 'courtesies'; akin to 'court' and 'courtous', the immediate root being the French *cour*, from the Latin *curia*.
- Custom (custom)*, IV. i. 283, habit, use.
- Danger*, IV. i. 189, absolute power of harming; Ven. & Ad., 639.
- Deere (dear) bought*, III. ii. 331; the adjective is used instead of the adverb, as often in Sh., but not always; *dearly bought* is used IV. i. 106.
- Deface*, III. ii. 317, cancel, destroy.
- Denie (deny)*, III. ii. 306, forbid. The word is also used as refuse; II. ii. 174, III. iii. 31, IV. i. 43, V. i. 251.
- Denie (deny) this imposition*, III. iv. 35, gainsay this burden or condition laid upon you. See I. ii. 100.
- Denying*, III. iv. 74, refusing.
- Description*, III. ii. 319, four syllables, *de-scrip-ti-on*.
- Desire your Grace of pardon*, IV. i. 422, instead of 'pardon of'; Mids. Night Dr., III. i. 188.
- Determine*, IV. i. 112, decide or put an end to, as in the old Norman English of the law courts *oyer et determiner*, to hear and determine; 2 Hen. IV, IV. i. 171.
- Difference*, IV. i. 179, dispute; Rich. II, I. i. 211; John, III. i. 250.
- Directed.. How I.. What gold.. What, etc.*, II. iv. 32-5, *How I* and the following clauses all refer back to the single verb *directed*.
- Disabled*, I. i. 132, crippled.
- Disabling*, II. vii. 32, disparaging; As You, IV. i. 35, V. iv. 80.
- Discharge*, III. ii. 290, IV. i. 219, pay; Errors, IV. i. 36, iv. 132.
- Discover*, II. vii. 2, reveal, lay open to view; Wint. Tale, III. i. 27. So also *discovery*, II. vi. 50.
- Discretion*, III. v. 61, discrimination.
- Doe (do) we so*, II. viii. 57, the first person imperative is a form quite common in Sh.; V. i. 46; Hen. V, IV. viii. 131.
- Doite (doit)*, I. iii. 144, a small Dutch coin, worth about a quarter of a cent; Temp., II. ii. 35; Cor., IV. iv. 23. See note, p. 138.
- Do over-peere*, I. i. 15, a common use of the auxiliary in the time of Sh., which is now left out; Cor., II. iii. 2.
- Doth*, III. ii. 245, the auxiliary forms 'doth' and 'doest' are often used as here in old writers for 'doeth' and 'doeth'; Jul. Cæs., I. i. 12.
- Doublet*, I. ii. 71, a close-fitting coat with skirts reaching a little below the girdle; the name comes from its having been wadded for defense; As You, II. iv. 9, III. ii. 215. See note, p. 128.
- Ducates (ducats)*, I. iii. 2, a Venetian coin, the value about a dollar. See note, p. 131.
- Dwell*, I. iii. 160, remain, continue.
- Eanelings*, I. iii. 82, same as 'yeanelings,' lambs just born. See *eaneling time*, I. iii. 90.
- Embraced*, II. vi. 18, viii. 55, three syllables.
- Enforced*, III. ii. 35, three syllables.
- Enformed*, IV. i. 181, three syllables.
- Enow*, III. v. 21, IV. i. 34, enough; generally used as a plural.
- Envious*, III. ii. 299, malicious, as in IV. i. 14, 135, and often in Sh. malice is connoted; Hen. VIII, III. ii. 305.
- Established*, IV. i. 230, four syllables.

GLOSSARY

- Estate*, III. ii. 248, condition, state; Tw. Night, I. ii. 47. Sometimes *state* is used in the modern sense of 'estate', III. ii. 275. Sometimes *estate* has this common modern sense, I. i. 47, 132; III. ii. 334.
- Exceeding strange*, I. i. 74, Sh. often uses *exceeding* as an adverb; Love's Lab., V. ii. 588.
- Excesse*, I. iii. 63, interest; used in this sense only here in Sh.
- Exchange*, II. vi. 42, exchange of apparel.
- Excrement*, III. ii. 93, superficial growth, beard, hair; Love's Lab., V. i. 100. See note, p. 167.
- Exhibit*, II. iii. 11, perhaps a blunder of Launcelot's for 'inhibit,' restrain. See note, p. 150.
- Exposition*, IV. i. 249, five syllables, *ex-po-si-tion*.
- Fairely* (*fairly*) *spoke*, III. ii. 185, both *spoke* and 'spoken' occur in Sh. as participles; Temp., IV. i. 33; Jul. Cæs., II. i. 143, III. ii. 68.
- Fairnesse* (*fairness*), III. ii. 100, beauty.
- Faithlesse* (*faithless*), II. iv. 40, unbelieving.
- Fall*, I. iii. 91, let fall, a transitive use of the verb, occasional in Sh., but now obsolete.
- Falls*, III. ii. 209, falls out, chances.
- Fancie* (*fancy*), III. ii. 69, love; also with the same meaning in compounds, as 'fancy-sick,' 'fancy-free'; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 165. See note, p. 166.
- Feare* (*fear*), V. i. 334, anxious about.
- Feare* (*fear*) *you*, III. v. 4, fear for you; Rich. III, I. i. 145.
- Fearfull* (*fearful*), I. iii. 180, to be feared, distrusted; Two Gen. of Ver., I. ii. 130.
- Fed*, III. i. 56, meaning, 'Is he not fed?' 'Is he not' being understood; and so on throughout the passage before *hurt*, *subject*, etc.
- Fia* (*via*), II. ii. 10, Italian for 'away.' See note, p. 144.
- Fier* (*fire*), II. ix. 66, two syllables, *fi-er*.
- Flood*, I. i. 13, IV. i. 78, ocean; Mids. Night Dr., II. i. 132.
- Follow*, IV. i. 215, pursue persistently.
- Fond*, II. ix. 20, III. iii. 12, foolish; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 118, 332. See note, p. 176.
- Foole*, I. i. 111, II. ix. 28, used as an adjective.
- Foot* (*foot*), I. iii. 122, spurn with the foot.
- Foot* (*foot*), II. iv. 38, path.
- Footing*, V. i. 32, downfall.
- For*, III. iv. 12, of, because of.
- Forbid* ... *to make no noise*, IV. i. 81-2, an example of the double negatives, frequent in Sh. and common in Early English; Rich. III, I. iii. 95; Errors, IV. ii. 8.
- Forfeit*, III. ii. 335, forfeited; the past participle of verbs with the ending '-ed' is often thus shortened; IV. i. 383; Love's Lab., V. ii. 474.
- For he is a Christian*, I. iii. 42, for being a Christian; *for* is frequently equivalent, as here, to 'because'; Meas. for Meas., II. i. 31.
- Forth*, I. i. 18, abroad; As You, I. iii. 116.
- For this geare* (*gear*), I. i. 119, II. ii. 159, for this matter or for this purpose, a colloquial expression without any very definite meaning.
- Fraught*, II. viii. 33, freighted; in Tw. Night, V. i. 61, and Oth., III. iii. 511, *fraught* is used as a noun. Compare Temp., I. ii. 15.
- Fulsome*, I. iii. 89, rank.
- Gaberdine*, I. iii. 116, a long coarse garment like a frock, still used with the same name in parts of England; Temp., II. ii. 41. See note, pp. 137-8.
- Gag'd* (*gaged*), I. i. 139, pledged; Ham., I. i. 108.
- Guard* (*guard*), I. iii. 180, guardianship.
- Garded* (*guarded*), II. ii. 149, ornamented. See note, p. 147.
- Garnish*, II. vi. 53, apparel.
- Garnisht* (*garnish'd*), III. v. 65, equipped, furnished; Love's Lab., II. i. 82.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

- Gelt*, V. i. 164, mutilated; the word is used only here in Sh.
- Give me your present*, II. ii. 103, give your present for me to, etc., a use of the dative with 'for.'
- Glad on't*, II. vi. 77, *on* is often found in Sh. where modern use would give 'of'; Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 83; Temp., I. ii. 104.
- Glisters*, II. vii. 68, Sh. does not use 'glisten,' though *glisters* occurs in Wint. Tale, III. ii. 183; John, V. i. 58.
- God blesse the marke (mark)*, II. ii. 21, obscure in meaning; perhaps an apology for some profanity or vulgarity. See note, p. 144.
- God sort all*, V. i. 152, God allot all things. For a similar use of the expression see Rich. III, II. iii. 43.
- Gods (God's) sonties*, II. ii. 42, an oath. See note, p. 145.
- Goe (go) to*, I. iii. 119, an exclamation of scorn here, though sometimes of encouragement.
- Goe (go) we in*, V. i. 46, first person imperative, common form in Sh. Compare 'Doe we so,' II. viii. 57. See *Doe*.
- Go give*, IV. i. 158. See *come view*, II. vii. 45; the sign of the infinitive 'to' was sometimes omitted and sometimes not in the time of Sh.; Ham., II. i. 111.
- Good man*, I. iii. 13, used in the commercial sense of having unimpaired credit. See note, p. 131.
- Gramercie (gramercy)*, II. ii. 116. See note, p. 147.
- Grant this forfeiture*, III. iii. 30, allow this forfeiture to hold.
- Gratiano, Grah-shee-ah-no*.
- Gratifie*, IV. i. 426, recompense, reward; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 282.
- Grose (gross)*, II. vii. 52, coarse.
- Gulled*, III. ii. 103, two syllables, full of guile, treacherous; a passive participle with active meaning, as in *disdain'd contempt*, 1 Hen. IV. i. iii. 188. See note, p. 168.
- Habite (habit)*, II. ii. 183, behavior; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 126.
- Had pleas'd (pleased) to have defended*, V. i. 226, for 'had pleased to defend,' an inaccuracy still found in good writers.
- Haire (hair) through*, III. ii. 320, either one or the other of these words should be pronounced in two syllables to make the rhythm correct.
- Hath feard (fear'd)*, II. i. 14, caused to fear or terrify; Tam. of Shr., I. ii. 213.
- Have judgement (judgment)*, IV. i. 89, receive sentence.
- Hear thee*, II. ii. 176, *thee* is not reflexive, but is used for 'thou,' as in 'fare-thee-well.'
- High-day wit*, II. ix. 103, high-flown, holiday words; 'Hee speakes holliday,' Mer. Wives, III. ii. 62.
- Hip*, I. iii. 46, IV. i. 351, caught on the hip to overthrow, as in wrestling; Oth., II. i. 338. See note, p. 135.
- His motion*, V. i. 71, for 'its,' ascribing gender to *orbe*; as in line 93, the masculine pronoun *his* is used for *naught*, or for any *tree*, *stone*, or *flood*; and as in III. ii. 88, *his* is used for *vice* (or *vice*). 'Its' was only beginning to be used in Sh.'s time.
- Hood*, II. ii. 190, cover. See note, p. 149.
- Hovell-post (hovel-post)*, II. ii. 64, the support of the roof of an out-house. See note, p. 146.
- How cheer'st thou*, III. v. 66, what cheer? how is it with you? IV. i. 118; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 179.
- How som ere (howsoe'er)*, III. v. 86, a common vulgarism of Sh.'s day.
- Husbandry*, III. iv. 27, stewardship; Tim. of Ath., II. ii. 174.
- I could not doe (do) withall (withal)*, III. iv. 75, I could not help it.
- Imposition*, I. ii. 100, condition imposed; III. iv. 35.
- Imposition*, III. iv. 35, five syllables, *im-po-si-ti-on*.
- In all sence (sense)*, V. i. 156, in all reason.

GLOSSARY

- Incarnation*, II. ii. **24**, a blunder of the clown for 'incarnate.'
- Inexorable*, IV. **i**. **137**, past exorcism; used only here in Sh.
- Insculpt* (*insculpt'd*), II. vii. **59**, graven; used only here, and as a noun in Tim. of Ath., V. iv. **82**.
- In sooth*, **i**. **i**. **4**, in truth; Anglo-Saxon *sóth*, truth, true, truly; II. vi. **49**; As You, III. ii. **376**; Tw. Night, II. **i**. **11**.
- Intergatories* (*inter'gatories*), IV. **i**. **326**, *intergatory*, **328**, a contracted form for 'interrogatories,' common in the Elizabethan age; All's Well, IV. iii. **183**.
- Intermission*, III. ii. **206**, five syllables, *in-ter-mis-si-on*.
- Interest*, **i**. iii. **78**, three syllables, *in-ter-est*.
- In use*, IV. **i**. **401**, in trust, for the purpose of securing it to Lorenzo; *use* does not mean interest.
- Jacks*, III. iv. **80**, term of contempt; Rich. III, **i**. iii. **59**.
- Junpe* (*jump*) *with*, II. ix. **34**, agree with; Rich. III, III. **i**. **16**.
- Kept*, III. iii. **22**, kept company, dwelt with.
- Knap* (*knapped*), III. **i**. **11**, broke up, snapped, or nibbled. See note, p. 160.
- Learned*, IV. **i**. **111**, two syllables.
- Levell* (*level*) *at*, **i**. ii. **37**, aim or guess at; 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. **86**; 3 Hen. VI, II. ii. **22**.
- Leven*, II. ii. **155**, a provincial use of 'eleven,' now obsolete.
- Lightest*, III. ii. **97**, wanton; Errors, IV. iii. **53**; Much Ado, III. iv. **35**; Love's Lab., II. **i**. **209**. See note, p. 168.
- Like*, II. vii. **51**, for 'likely'; Temp., V. i. **316**.
- Likely*, II. ix. **97**, promising; 2 Hen. IV, III. ii. **181**.
- Living*, V. **i**. **312**, fortune; *livings*, III. ii. **163**; Lear, **i**. iv. **109**.
- Lodg'd* (*lodged*), IV. **i**. **65**, abiding, settled.
- Magnificoes of greatest port*, III. ii. **297**, grandees of the highest importance. See note, p. 175.
- Maine* (*main*) *flood*, IV. **i**. **78**, ocean tide; Jul. Cæs., IV. iii. **249**.
- Makes it a great appropriation*, **i**. ii. **40**, takes great credit to himself for it; used only here by Sh.
- Mannage* (*manage*), III. iv. **27**, management; Temp., **i**. ii. **86**.
- Marrie* (*marry*), II. ii. **39**, from 'Mary,' derived from swearing by the Virgin, thence lapsing into a mere exclamation.
- Martlet*, II. **ix**. **39**, the house-martin; Macb., **i**. vi. **9**.
- Match*, III. **i**. **41**, connection, compact; Cymb., III. vii. **34**.
- May you sted* (*stead*) *me?* **i**. iii. **8**, can you assist me? *May* originally meant 'to be able,' Anglo-Saxon *magan*; the noun 'might' still keeps this sense.
- Methinks* (*methinks*), IV. **i**. **454**. See *Me thoughts*.
- Me thoughts* (*methought*), **i**. iii. **71**, from the Anglo-Saxon *thyn-can*, to seem, and used here impersonally with *me*, dative: to me it seemed.
- Miserie* (*misery*), IV. **i**. **287**, stress on second syllable, *mis-é-ry*.
- Mistlike*, II. **i**. **6**, used occasionally by Sh. for 'dislike'; 2 Hen. VI, **i**. **240**; Ant. & Cleo., III. xiii. **176**; as a noun, 3 Hen. VI, IV. **i**. **34**.
- Mo* (*moe*), **i**. **i**. **117**, often used by Sh. for 'more.'
- More elder*, IV. **i**. **264**, the double comparative is usual in Sh.; Ant. & Cleo., III. vi. **83**; Temp., **i**. ii. **512**.
- Moytie* (*moiety*), IV. **i**. **31**, used by Sh. as share, portion; Ham., **i**. **i**. **107**.
- Narrow seas*, II. viii. **31**, III. **i**. **5**, the English Channel. See note, p. 159.
- Naughtie* (*naughty*), III. ii. **19**, V. **i**. **103**, wicked; used by Sh. in a graver sense than the modern.
- Neats* (*neat's*), **i**. **i**. **121**, ox's; Wint. Tale, **i**. ii. **152-3**.
- Needs* (*needs*), II. iv. **32**, of necessity; adverb formed from the possessive inflection of nouns; see III. iv. **16**, IV. **i**. **216**.
- Nice direction*, II. **i**. **19**, fastidious

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

- estimation; Two. Gen. of Ver., III. i. 85.
- Nominated*, I. iii. 154, IV. i. 274, named, stated.
- Nor* .. *not*, II. i. 50, III. iv. 13, IV. i. 64; *nor* .. *none*, I. ii. 26; examples of double negatives with a negative meaning, frequent in Sh. and early writers.
- Nourished*, III. ii. 58, three syllables.
- Obdurate*, IV. i. 12, stress on second syllable, *ob-dû-rate*.
- Obliged*, II. vi. 9, plighted, pledged; used only here.
- Obscure*, II. vii. 53, stress on first syllable, *ob-scure*.
- Occasions*, I. i. 148, four syllables, *oc-ca-si-ons*.
- Ocean*, I. i. 11, three syllables, *o-ce-an*.
- Of*, II. ii. 93, on; II. iv. 25, with; I. iii. 54, about or concerning, as in *study of that*, Temp., II. i. 85.
- Of feasting forth*, II. v. 39, for feasting out; *of* is often equivalent to 'for' in the time of Sh.
- Of force*, IV. i. 442, of necessity; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 42.
- Of gold, who*, II. vii. 5, 'who' where 'which' would now be used is the Elizabethan custom; the language not having yet fixed upon 'which' as the neuter relative, 'which' was then applied to persons, while 'who' was applied to things.
- Old swearing*, IV. ii. 19, *old* is here an intensive, and the phrase is an example of its perpetual slang use in a variety of familiar combinations, 'good old boy,' 'high old time,' etc.
- On your charge*, IV. i. 272, at your expense.
- Opinion*, I. i. 11, III. v. 67, four syllables, *o-pin-i-on*.
- Opinion of*, I. i. 100, reputation for.
- Opposed*, II. ix. 64, three syllables.
- Ore-lookt* (*o'erlook'd*), III. ii. 16, bewitched. See note, p. 163.
- Orpheus*, V. i. 91, stress on first syllable, *Of-fuse*.
- Ostent*, II. ii. 193, show, obvious manifestation; *ostents*, II. viii. 47; Hen. V, V. prol. 23.
- Other*, I. i. 59, refers, like *some* in preceding line, to *strange fellows*, the singular being commonly so used in Sh., as in Errors, IV. iii. 6; Sonn. lxii. 8; Ven. & Ad., 1102; or *other* may be the plural of Saxon *othere*.
- Our feast shall be*, III. ii. 220, 'shall' was used for 'is to be,' for futurity, in all three persons; so, also, II. iv. 42.
- Out-dwells* (*out-dwells*), II. vi. 52, outstays.
- Out .. envies* (*envy's*) *reach*, IV. i. 14, beyond reach of his malice.
- Over-name*, I. ii. 35, run their names over.
- Over-wither'd* (*over-weather'd*), II. vi. 20, weather-beaten.
- Pageants*, I. i. 14, shows; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 118; Temp., IV. i. 177. See note, p. 117.
- Part*, II. vii. 80, depart; 'depart' was used where we should say 'part'; Cor., V. vi. 90.
- Parts*, IV. i. 98, capacities, employments.
- Passion*, IV. i. 56, used in the original sense of feeling, emotion; Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 57; *passion*, II. viii. 14, an emotional outbreak; Two Gen. of Ver., IV. iv. 169.
- Patch*, II. v. 49, a name given to a jester, which may be derived from his party-colored coat or from the Italian *pazzo*, foolish, insane; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 11. See note, p. 152.
- Pattens* (*patines*), V. i. 69, golden plates used for sacramental bread; used only here. See note, p. 201.
- Paund* (*paron'd*), III. v. 78, staked, wagered; Cymb., I. iv. 111.
- Peize*, III. ii. 23, to [keep in suspense, to delay; from the French *peser*, to weigh; Rich. III, V. iii. 117. See note, p. 165.
- Perfection*, V. i. 120, four syllables, *per-fec-ti-on*.
- Perhaps I will returne* (*return*), II. v. 55, *will* for 'shall,' appa-

GLOSSARY

- rently, when used with the conditioning word *perhaps*, a regular idiom of the time; Errors, IV. *i*. 43; Oth., V. ii. 246.
- Persuaded* (*persuaded*) *with*, III. ii. 298, used persuasion with; this is the only place in which Sh. joins 'with' to this verb.
- Philhorse* (*fill-horse*), II. ii. 91, a provincialism, 'fill' or 'thill' meaning shaft; the word is familiar in America. See note, p. 147.
- Pied*, I. iii. 82, spotted; Temp., III. ii. 66.
- Pil'd*, I. iii. 87, peeled. See note, p. 136.
- Placed*, II. vi. 64, two syllables.
- Pleasure me*, I. iii. 8, nouns were changed to verbs at will by the Elizabethans.
- Poesie* (*poesy*), V. *i*. 168, a motto in verse; Ham., III. ii. 173.
- Port*, I. *i*. 133, III. ii. 298, state.
- Portia*, *Pör-sheah*, last two syllables generally elided, but sometimes pronounced, *Pör-she-ah*; II. vii. 45, 49, V. *i*. 123, 214.
- Posset* (*possessed*), I. iii. 65, IV. *i*. 40, informed; Cor., II. *i*. 135.
- Post*, V. *i*. 56, messenger; Tw. Night, I. v. 285.
- Pray God*, III. iii. 49, subject omitted, as in 'would to God.'
- Prefer'd* (*preferr'd*) *thee*, II. ii. 140, promoted or recommended for promotion.
- Preparation*, II. iv. 4, five syllables, *prep-ar-a-ti-on*.
- Presages*, I. *i*. 184, the relative 'which' is omitted, as frequently in Sh.; Jul. Cæs., I. ii. 334.
- Presence*, III. ii. 57, dignity of bearing.
- Prest*, I. *i*. 169, ready, from the Old French *prest* (now *prêt*).
- Prevented*, I. *i*. 68, primitive sense of 'anticipated'; Ham., II. ii. 324.
- Prize*, III. ii. 148, contest.
- Proclamation*, IV. *i*. 457, five syllables, *proc-la-ma-ti-on*.
- Proper mans picture*, I. ii. 69, a man who is as he should be; often a 'handsome' man; Sh. uses 'proper' and 'properest' in the same sense; Mids. Night Dr., I. ii. 83; Much Ado, V. *i*. 182.
- Provided of*, II. iv. 25, *of* is often used of the agent where we use 'by' and 'with,' as here.
- Pursue*, IV. *i*. 313, stress on first syllable.
- Puts*, III. ii. 20, a form of the verb with a plural subject, which is common in Sh., Spenser, and other Elizabethan writers, sometimes when the subject is singular in thought, sometimes, as here, when not so, also in *dealings teaches them*, I. iii. 166; the form may be a survival of the northern Early English third person plural inflection in 's'; Ham., III. ii. 225; Errors, V. *i*. 78.
- Pyrats* (*pirates*), pronounced as spelled in the Folio, *py-rats*, to signify this kind of water-rat or thief; Tw. Night, V. *i*. 69.
- Pythagoras*, IV. *i*. 140, stress on second syllable.
- Quaint*, III. iv. 72, ingenious, elaborate; Two Gen. of Ver., II. *i*. 119.
- Quaintly*, II. iv. 6, tastefully, gracefully; III. iv. 72; Two Gen. of Ver., II. *i*. 119.
- Quarrelling* (*quarrelling*) *with occasion*, III. v. 52, quibbling on every opportunity.
- Question*, IV. *i*. 76, debate, argue, hold controversy; it often means dialogue; Wint. Tale, IV. ii. 49.
- Quit*, IV. *i*. 399, remit.
- Raisd* (*raised*), II. viii. 6, roused.
- Reason'd*, II. viii. 39, conversed, talked. See note, p. 157.
- Reddest*, II. *i*. 12, the superlative for the comparative was used at pleasure; where but two objects were compared; 1 Hen. VI, II. iv. 15-20.
- Regreets*, II. ix. 94, greetings; used as a noun but once again, John, III. *i*. 253.
- Renowned*, I. *i*. 178, II. *i*. 25, three syllables.
- Reproach*, II. v. 23, Launcelot's blunder for 'approach.'
- Respective*, V. *i*. 176, mindful.
- Respect upon the world*, I. *i*. 82, re-

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

- gard for the world; an exceptional use of 'upon.'
- Rest*, II. ii. 98, the highest stake ventured was called the 'rest.' See note, p. 147.
- Richly left*, I. i. 170, left rich, as is still commonly said, 'left well-off.'
- Ripe wants*, I. iii. 64, urgent wants, not to be delayed, but, like ripe fruit, gathered.
- Ripening*, II. viii. 43, ripeness or maturity of the time.
- Rode (road)*, V. i. 314, harbor, port; *rodes*, I. i. 22.
- Round hose*, I. ii. 71. See note, p. 128.
- Ruine (ruin)*, II. ix. 50, refuse, rubbish.
- Salarino*, stress on first syllable, *Sál-ahr-ee-no*.
- Salerio*, stress on second syllable, *Sah-léy-ree-o*.
- Sand-blind* (*blind*), II. ii. 34, dim of sight. See note, p. 145.
- Satisfied Of*, V. i. 324-5, satisfied about or concerning.
- Say you by*, I. ii. 52, about, concerning.
- Scant*, III. ii. 118, V. i. 161, moderate, cut short.
- Scanted*, II. i. 22, restricted.
- Scrubbed*, V. i. 182, two syllables, small, ill-favored; used here only. See note, p. 210.
- Seald (sealed) under for another*, I. ii. 78, became his surety for another.
- Sealed*, II. viii. 20, two syllables.
- Searecloth (cercloth)*, II. vii. 53, a cloth dipped in melted wax to be used as a shroud; used here only. See note, p. 154.
- Seasons*, IV. i. 208, III. ii. 82, tempers.
- Selfe (self) wáy*, I. i. 157, same way; 3 Hen. VI, III. i. 13; Rich. II, I. ii. 25.
- Sensible (sensible)*, II. viii. 51, here equivalent to 'substantial'; II. ix. 94, palpable to the senses; generally means 'sensitive'; Love's Lab., IV. iii. 356.
- Shall seeke (seek) all day*, I. i. 125, *shall* and 'should' are often used in all three persons by Elizabethan writers to denote mere futurity.
- Should appeare (appear)*, III. ii. 289, would appear; the old use of 'shall' instead of 'will' is common in Sh.; Jul. Cæs., II. ii. 50.
- Shrewd*, III. ii. 257, bad, evil.
- Shrive me*, I. ii. 128, absolve me, give me confession.
- Sits downe (down)*, II. vi. 11, in Sh. the ellipsis of a preposition which has been expressed before the relative is common; so the meaning implied is 'sits down with'; IV. i. 407; Meas. for Meas., II. ii. 146.
- Skarfed (scarfed)*, II. vi. 17, two syllables.
- Slubber*, II. viii. 42, to do imperfectly, to slur over, to do carelessly; it may also mean to soil or obscure; used only here and in Oth., I. iii. 252.
- Smug*, III. i. 43, spruce, trim; Lear, IV. vi. 213; 1 Hen. IV, III. i. 112.
- So*, I. iii. 174, often used, as here, as a particle of affirmation or assent; 1 Hen. IV, V. iv. 159.
- Solanio (Salanio)*, sometimes *Salanio* in Folios, but *Sol.* is more often distinct from *Sal.*, which stands for *Salarino*; stress on second syllable, *So-láh-nee-o*.
- Some men there are love not*, IV. i. 52, the relative 'who' is omitted here, as in I. i. 184 'which' was left out.
- Soone (soon) at*, II. iii. 6, about.
- Sore*, V. i. 335, from Anglo-Saxon *sáre*, related to the German *sehr*, very, hence severely, grievously.
- Sort*, I. ii. 100, lot; Tro. & Cres., I. iii. 390.
- Speake (speak) me faire (fair) in death*, IV. i. 290, speak well of me after my death.
- Spent*, I. i. 162, waste; Mids. Night Dr., III. ii. 77.
- Spet*, I. iii. 116, for 'spit,' an obsolete form occasionally used by Sh.; *spets*, II. vii. 47.
- Squandred (squandered)*, I. iii. 22, scattered. See note, p. 132.
- Stephano*, stress on first syllable, *Stéf-ah-no*. See note, p. 200.
- Sterv'd*, IV. i. 147, from the Anglo-

GLOSSARY

- Saxon *steorfan*, Old English *sterven*, meaning to die; in the latter part of the 16th century it was used in the sense of perishing through hunger or cold.
- Strait (straight)*, II. ix. 2, *straightway*.
- Substance*, IV. i. 345, the amount.
- Success (success)*, III. ii. 253, the issue or outcome, denoting sequence; Sh. often uses the word with this etymological meaning; Wint. Tale, I. ii. 455; 2 Hen. IV., IV. ii. 50; All's Well, III. vi. 39.
- Suited*, I. ii. 70, dressed; All's Well, I. i. 162; Lear, IV. vii. 11; Tw. Night, V. i. 248.
- Supposed*, III. ii. 100, three syllables, false, counterfeit; Mer. Wives, IV. iv. 66; Tam. of Shr., II. i. 435-6.
- Suspect*, I. iii. 166, the 'to' of the infinitive is often left out, as here before *suspect*.
- Suted (suited)*, III. v. 61, suited to each other, fitted together; Much Ado, V. i. 232; Tro. & Cres., *prol.* 25.
- Swift*, III. ii. 204, the use of adjectives for adverbs was frequent in the time of Sh.; Tam. of Shr., ind., I. i. 99; Ant. & Cleo., II. ii. 115.
- Table*, II. ii. 152, used as a term in palmistry. See note, p. 148.
- Take paine (pain)*, II. ii. 181, take pains; Sh. uses both expressions, this more rarely; Mids. Night Dr., I. i. 264, V. i. 87; 2 Hen. IV., IV. v. 241. See note, p. 149.
- Teaches*, I. iii. 166, this form of the verb with a plural subject is usual in Sh. See *Puts*.
- Terme in grosse (term in gross)*, III. ii. 165, to sum up.
- That men*, III. iv. 28, so that, a common omission; Jul. Cæs., I. i. 52.
- The which*, I. iii. 5, IV. i. 370, examples of the use of an archaic equivalent, corresponding to the French *le quel*, where a singling out of one particular antecedent is markedly denoted by *the*, which being indefinite.
- Throughfares*, II. vii. 44, Sh. uses either 'thorough' or 'through,' 'thoroughly' or 'thoroughly,' as best suits the rhythm; 'throughfare' is found only here and 'thoroughfare' only in Cymb., I. iii. 10.
- Throughly*, IV. i. 181. See *Throughfares*.
- Time*, I. i. 138, youth; Two Gen. of Ver., II. iv. 63.
- To night (to-night)*, II. v. 21, last night; usually in Sh. it has its modern meaning; Jul. Cæs., III. iii. 2.
- Towards my rest*, II. v. 20, against my peace of mind.
- Tranect*, III. iv. 55, probably an error for the French *traject*, a ferry. See note, p. 178.
- Transformed*, II. vi. 46, three syllables.
- Truth*, IV. i. 225, honesty; Meas. for Meas., IV. ii. 42; Mids. Night Dr., IV. ii. 31.
- Turned*, I. iii. 84, two syllables.
- Uncheckt (unchecked)*, III. i. 4, uncontradicted.
- Undertooke (undertook)*, II. iv. 71, undertaken; the form of the participle had not become fixed in Sh.'s time.
- Undervalued*, I. i. 174, lower in worth, inferior.
- Undeserved*, II. ix. 42, four syllables, *un-de-serv-ed*.
- Unfurnisht (unfurnish'd)*, III. ii. 133, destitute of its fellow, unmated. See note, p. 160.
- Unthrif*, V. i. 22, unthrifty, good-for-nothing in respect to riches; Tim. of Ath., IV. iii. 340.
- Untread*, II. vi. 12, retrace; John, V. iv. 56; used only in these two instances.
- Upon more advice*, IV. ii. 8, on further consideration, reflection; Meas. for Meas., V. i. 515.
- Upon my power*, IV. i. 110, on my authority, by virtue of my power.
- Urge*, V. i. 228, insist upon; Jul. Cæs., IV. iii. 304.
- Usance*, I. iii. 45, I. iii. 145, interest. See note, p. 135.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Vailing, I. i. 32, bending, lowering. See note, p. 119.

Varnisht (*varnish'd*), II. v. 35, II. ix. 51, painted.

Vaste (*vastly*), II. vii. 43, two syllables, *vas-ty*, waste, desolate.

Verie (*very*) *friends*, III. ii. 233, true, real; from the Old French *verai* (*vrai*), in turn from the Latin *veracius*, derived from *verus*; Rom. & Jul., III. i. 114; Ham., II. ii. 56.

Waft, V. i. 15, wafted; Errors, II. ii. 110.

Waste, III. iv. 13, spend; As You, II. iv. 102.

Wealth, V. i. 274, weal, welfare.

We have not spoke us yet of, II. iv. 5, we have not yet bespoken.

Where, IV. i. 27, whereas; Two Gen. of Ver., III. i. 77.

Whiles, I. ii. 120, the genitive singular of 'while' (originally a noun), used as an adverb.

Who love I, II. vi. 36, the inflection of 'who' is often neglected; directly after a preposition, 'whom' is usually found; Love's Lab., II. i. 5.

Wis, II. ix. 71, know, from the Old English verb *wissen*, used by Sh. as a verb always, not as the adverbial *wis*, 'certainly'; Tam. of Shr., I. i. 67; Rich. III., I. iii. 107; Per., II. prol. 2.

Wit, II. i. 23, used here in the original sense of wisdom or foresight.

With imagin'd (*imagined*) *speed*, III. iv. 54, all imaginable speed.

Without respect, V. i. 111, without regard to circumstances.

With so good heart as, I. ii. 124, the Elizabethans used, as here, *so* with *as*, instead of 'as... as.'

Would, I. iii. 66, used here absolutely for 'wish,' 'require.'

Would grant continuance, I. i. 134, ellipsis of 'of' before *continuance* is common to Elizabethan writers.

Writ, II. iv. 14, *writ* and 'wrote' for the past tense, and 'writ,' 'written,' and 'wrote' for the participle, are all used by Sh.

Yet I have not, II. ix. 96, I have not yet; the Elizabethans often used *yet*, meaning 'till now,' before a negative where in modern usage this order is reversed.

You and I, III. ii. 336, a negligence in the inflections of the pronoun common in Sh.'s time; I. ii. 32; Oth., IV. ii. 5.

You are sped, II. ix. 75, done for; Tam. of Shr., V. ii. 185.

Your selfe (*yourself*), II. i. 25, 'myself,' 'thyself,' often used in Sh.'s day as the subject of the verb.

You shall hence, III. ii. 329, for 'you shall go hence'; the ellipsis of the verb, especially after 'will,' was common in Sh.'s time; II. ii. 203.

You should refuse, I. ii. 89, *should* is here used in the sense of 'ought.'

8235h1
IP83

Aug 71

V. 3

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

wils v.3

823Sh1 IP83

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

The complete works of William Shakespear



3 1951 002 360 606 4